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LIEUT. LEEVES 1ST. FOOT GUARDS, 1772.

*(Afterwards the Rev. William Leves, Rector of Wrington, 1779.)*

From an Old Painting.

929.2  
L 519m

A FAMILY  
MEMORIAL.

Dedicated to  
A BELOVED MOTHER.

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1872.

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## P R E F A C E.

The following pages, printed at the request of friends, contain Reminiscences of several beloved departed ones.

A revised edition of "Stray Thoughts in Verse," previously printed, has been prefixed to the Biographical Accounts. A large portion of the Memoirs has formerly appeared in public print.

A. M. MOON

(née ELSDALE).

104, Queen's Road, Brighton,

April 8th, 1872.

## ERRATA.

PAGE 42 (6th line).—*For* “This Air,” *read* This Air

PAGE 43.—*The heading to read*, “Extracts from a few of MRS.  
HANNAH MORE’S Letters ”

PAGE 56 (4th line).—*For* “April,” *read* “May ”

PAGE 56 (at the end).—*For* “MISS T.,” *read* “MISS THORNTON ”

PAGE 57 (5th line).—*For* “MR. P.,” *read* “The REV. A. PERRY ”

PAGE 71.—*The heading to read*, “Lines by the REV. W. LISLE  
BOWLES ”

PAGE 72 (3rd line).—*For* “LINDSEY,” *read* “LINDSAY ”

PAGE 86 (19th line).—*For* “call’d,” *read* “call’d ”

PAGE 104 (1st line).—*For* “Last year,” *read* “year 1843 ”

PAGE 105 (8th line).—*For* “J. J.,” *read* “By JOHN JAMES, ESQ.”

PAGE 109 (7th line).—*For* “G. W.,” *read* “GEORGE WYNNE ”

PAGE 131 (in Note).—*For* “MISS W.,” *read* “MISS PATTY WISE ”

PAGE 143 (16th line).—*Omit the word* “Old.”

PAGE 159 (5th line).—*For* “Taken from the Life of, &c.,” *read*  
“Taken from a volume entitled ‘Manchester Poetry’ ”

PAGE 163 (6th line from the end).—*For* “Armston,” *read* “Urmston ”

PAGE 166 (15th line).—*For* “TOP LEE,” *read* “DR. LEE ”

PAGE 177 (at the end).—*Read* “By the REV. C. ECKERSALL.”

STRAY THOUGHTS

IN VERSE

IN EARLY YEARS.







WRINGTON CHURCH.



## TO MY FATHER.

Visions of the Past.

My Father, in this stranger-land,\*  
My spirit flies to thee,  
Far distant from that happy band  
That crowd and circle thee:  
Oh Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,  
The earliest links of love,  
In golden strength below no other,  
Fasten'd by cords above.

Father, I see thee where were nursed  
My earliest infant years,  
When life's first lovely rosebuds burst,  
Bedew'd with heavenly tears.  
I see thee sweetly soothe the spring  
Of life's advancing bloom,  
With fragrances of love that bring  
Enchantment through the gloom.

\* Written at Athens.

I hear thee charm my couch of pain  
 With words of endless life,  
 Distilling like the gentle rain,  
 And chasing earthly strife.  
 I hear thee heave the painful sigh  
 Quick breathing o'er my cheek;  
 I see thee raise thy tearful eye,  
 And blessings for me seek.\*

I see thee leave my silent cell  
 Thy echoing footsteps trod,  
 In anguish seek the peaceful dell  
 And breathe thy soul to God.  
 Our Heavenly Father hears thy prayer,  
 Thy child is safely kept;  
 Her soul is sweetly stay'd from care,  
 With joy alone she wept.

\*                    \*                    \*

Father, I see thee walk with me  
 The Paradise of earth;†  
 Where ev'ry fresh'ning flow'r and tree  
 Still smiles in springing mirth.  
 Father, shall we not bless His love  
 Who spares our peaceful days,  
 And evermore ascend above  
 In breathings to His praise,

\* My Father prayed by me when ill, and I recovered.

† Our usual Saturday Afternoon walk was by a lovely river with an island, and with verdant banks, trees, rocks, hills, &c., around.



Who show'rs His glories on us now,  
 Amidst this lovely glade,  
 And from the threat'ning mountain's brow  
 Affords a peaceful shade :  
 Who spreads the river of His love  
 In glist'ning circles round,  
 And pours from out that warbling grove,  
 The melody of sound :

Who lands us on this lovely isle \*  
 To pass our weary way,  
 And makes our sadden'd hearts to smile,  
 And burn with warmest ray,—  
 The ray of love, that lights the gloom  
 Of death, until 'tis heaven ;  
 The ray that fades not on the tomb,  
 By God's own Spirit giv'n ?

\*                    \*                    \*

My Father,—ah ! I see thee now  
 Weary, and faint, and pale ; †  
 Thou steadfastly dost raise thy brow  
 To Heaven's refreshing gale :  
 Oh list, my Father ! for the chimes  
 Of Angels ‡ in this night,  
 When gazing forth in southern climes,  
 Unutterably bright !

\* The river island.

† My Father was at this time ill in Switzerland.

‡ “ Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to  
 minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation ? ”—  
 HEB. i. 14.

Father, thy fragile suff'ring frame  
 Is sinking to the tomb,  
 From whence thy loved and honor'd name  
 Shall still in fragrance bloom.  
 Translated to Immanuel's land,  
 In glory shalt thou dwell,  
 Where may I join the ransom'd band,  
 With thee I love so well !

There pain and sickness, sorrow, tears,  
 No more distress the saint,  
 Whose face in Jesus' likeness wears  
 That joy no heart can paint.  
 There, prayer is ever merged in praise,  
 From hearts to Jesus given,  
 Rolling along in endless lays  
 Throughout the vault of heaven.

## MARY'S HUMILITY.

“ And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His word.”—ST. LUKE x. 39.

LORD Jesus! sitting at Thy feet,  
 Mary her rest did find ;  
 There Thou didst shed Thine influence sweet,  
 Upon her lowly mind.

Lord Jesus! Thou wilt none deny,  
 Who seek that peace and rest ;  
 And those who for Thy presence sigh,  
 Shall in Thy love be blest.

Lord Jesus ! I have often felt  
 Thy love inspire my soul ;  
 Continue, Lord, my heart to melt,  
 Under Thy sweet control.

Lord, daily draw my soul away  
 From all that tempts below,  
 Then bear it to Thy heav'nly sway,  
 Where endless pleasures flow.

## TO MARY.

In answer to verses just received.

I saw her sweet face gleaming in,  
 With all its tones of mirth ;  
 Her joyous voice would strive to win  
 My spirit back to earth.  
 She calls,—and in her playful glee,  
 Would draw me forth away,  
 To follow where her footsteps flee,  
 And dance from spray to spray.

With eager care she tends the flowers,  
 And drives the dust away ;  
 And now she weaves her rural bowers,  
 And trains the tendril's play.  
 And constantly she tries to soothe  
 My hours of lonely toil,  
 And the imaginings of youth  
 Conveys, to steal a smile.

And what are these sweet lines of prayer,\*  
 Sent to that Saviour dear,  
 Who makes all those His constant care,  
 Who seek His love and fear?  
 That Saviour shall thy prayer attend,  
 Breathed in His inmost ear;  
 Himself shall be thy constant friend,  
 And watch thee ever near.

Thy ardent youth He shall control,  
 Thy heart from sin release;  
 And pour into thy rising soul,  
 The balm of heavenly peace.  
 And when those golden locks no more  
 Dance wildly round thy brow,  
 A crown of glory, † on death's shore,  
 Shall be thy locks of snow!

## HYMN.

[ FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP. ]

O Lord, we stand before Thy throne,  
 Our fondest wishes pour;  
 Our hearts Thy heav'nly influence own,  
 And to Thy presence soar.  
 The aged and the youthful stand  
 In silence at Thy feet,  
 Upgazing towards that shining land  
 Where saints in glory meet.

\* In answer to some verses of prayer.

† Prov. xvi. 31.

[Our voices' sweetest harmony  
 Now floats upon the air,  
 Until the dying melody  
 Melts in the breath of prayer,  
 Sweeping along the quiv'ring strings  
 Within our hearts that meet,  
 And rising now with rapture flings  
 High praise before Thy feet.]

Freed by His death from sin's dark thrall,  
 We plead before Thy throne  
 That *Jesus* is our hope, our all,  
 And we are His alone :  
 That all we have in earth or heaven  
 We give into His care,  
 Only desire our sins forgiven  
 And in His love a share.

The cords wherewith our hearts are bound  
 To those we love, we pray  
 Let them not twine too closely round,  
 Lest they should burst away,  
 And leave us in our lonely tow'rs  
 In this dark world forlorn,  
 To sorrow for our shelt'ring bow'rs  
 Away by tempest torn :

But deep within our meek hearts stamp  
 Thy faithful love, O Lord ;  
 And guide us ever by the Lamp  
 Of Thy most Holy Word.  
 Till on the resurrection-morn,  
 Waked from this earthly sleep,

The sun of happiness, new-born,  
 Shall drink the clouds that weep,

And then with radiance crown each face  
 That erst in tears would gleam,  
 Gently renew each vanish'd grace  
 With his enliv'ning beam;  
 When all that ever burn'd before,  
 To swell the tide of love,  
 Wave after wave, on that bright shore,  
 Christ's praise shall roll above!

## TO MARY.

In answer to verses received.

My heart's in heav'n, the flow'rs of earth  
 For me have faded long;  
 Its tones of joy have fled away,  
 Not here I'd tune my song:

I'd take my harp with ransom'd saints,  
 All glist'ning with delight;  
 Their hearts outgushing waves of song,  
 As warriors rest \* from fight.

Their silver notes steal through my soul,  
 Echoing amidst the stars;  
 Swelling and sinking as they roll,  
 To heaven's remotest bars.

\* "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—HEB. iv. 9.

Their wings they close around them now,  
 Weigh'd by excess of glory ;  
 Prostrate they sink before his feet,  
 Breathing the wondrous story,—

“ ‘Worthy the Lamb!’\* who died for us,  
 That we might live with Him ;  
 Who laid His glories in the dust,  
 Whose eyes with tears were dim :

“ That He might brighten all our days,  
 In life's cold, languid vale ;  
 Tracing along His snowy path,  
 To where the end we'd hail :

“ The golden gates that open'd wide,  
 The spirits bright that staid,  
 To greet us rising from the tide,  
 Where late o'erwhelm'd we lay !”

\*

\*

\*

And now, amazed, I meet Thee there !  
 Our liquid harps we ring,  
 Trickling in lucid notes of peace,  
 Like drops beneath a spring.

The chords with ecstasy we strike,  
 And join the glorious cloud  
 Of saints redeem'd unto the Lamb,  
 Heaven's concave echoing loud !

\* Song of the Redeemed, REV. v. 9.



## TO MARY.

Nightly\* now it welcomes me,  
 That billet from afar;  
 Gleaming in light upon my sight,  
 Constant as evening star.

Retiring at the close of day,  
 With strength and hope depress'd,  
 Its thoughts of peace refresh my soul  
 Before I sink to rest.

Ah! what are these memorials fair,  
 Which thou hast sent to me?—  
 Roses and crowns and lilies there,  
 And a ship † that skims the sea.

Oh! may our bark glide peaceful on,  
 Thus dancing o'er the tide,  
 Till moor'd in port, with roses twined,  
 And lilies, which we've sigh'd

To bind around our yearning brows;  
 But still the wreath would fall,  
 The thorns would steal the drops of pain  
 In beauty's magic hall!

\*

\*

\*

\* We carried on at this time a daily correspondence in verse.

† A drawing sent me with the verses.



But, lo! the piercing thorns are gone,  
 And who hath drawn them forth?—  
 See them infix'd in Jesus' brow,  
 Streaming in drops of wrath!

Lord Jesus! is it Thou that steal'st  
 Away our wreaths of pain!  
 Oh! cast the sorrows from Thy brow,  
 And take Thy crown again!

Lord Jesus! raise our grateful love  
 Beyond heaven's highest hills;  
 Then crown us with eternal truth,  
 And joy that seraphs fills!

## O LORD MY ROCK.

“Unto Thee will I cry, O Lord my Rock.”—PSA. xxviii. 1.

To Thee I cry, O Lord my Rock!  
 When sinks my soul in woe;  
 Oh! raise me by Thy sure support,  
 Where streams of mercy flow.  
 To Thee I cry, O Lord my Rock!  
 When clouds and tempests rise;  
 Be Thou my everlasting trust,  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

To Thee, I cry, O Lord my Rock!  
 When lurid lightning glares,  
 And all the lonely blasted pines  
 In dreadful fury tears!

To Thee I cry, O Lord my Rock !  
 And, shelter'd by Thy arms,  
 My spreading branches safely rest,  
 And smile, secure from harms.

\* \* \*

To Thee I sigh, O Lord my Rock !  
 In panting heat my shade ;  
 Enclosed in Thee, I taste the sweets  
 Whose freshness doth not fade.  
 To Thee I sigh, O Lord my Rock !  
 When faint with dying thirst ; \*  
 And from Thy tender bosom's store  
 The living waters burst !

\* \* \*

To Thee I cry, O Lord my Rock !  
 When storms of grief descend ;  
 The angry billows vainly roll,  
 My Saviour and my Friend. †  
 For I am still entwined with Thee,  
 Above, beneath, around ;  
 The ivy clings unto her rest,  
 And there her strength is found.

To Thee I cry, O Lord my Rock !  
 When death's dark stream is near ;  
 And gently raised above the wave,  
 My heart rests calmly there.

\* "They drank of that Spiritual Rock that followed them : and that Rock was Christ."—I COR. x. 4.

† PSA. xix. 14.

To Thee I cry, O Lord my Rock !  
 And life's short tempest o'er,  
 Its floods and storms are all forgot,  
 Lost on that peaceful shore !

## TO MARY.

An Answer.

Daily my prayers to heaven ascend,  
 For thee, my loved, my youthful friend,  
 In wakeful, silent sympathy.

With other loved ones thee I'd bear  
 Above, beyond these waves of care ;  
 Which, rising still with eager haste,  
 Would lave away the path we've traced,  
 To guide us hourly nearer heaven.

\* \* \*

But still the rainbow, midst our fears,  
 With peaceful olive-branch appears,  
 Reposing calmly o'er the flood.

Faith has the infant's guileless eye,  
 Adoring still with happy sigh  
 The mother where its hopes are placed,  
 With tender smiles and beauty graced,  
 Through ev'ry changing hurricane.

## EASTER - DAY.

The virgin Moon reflects her light  
 Upon our darkling earth,  
 Peaceful and silent, mantling night  
 With gleams of heavenly mirth.

So the pure Jesus walk'd in light  
 Amidst our souls in shade,  
 Casting before th' illumined sight  
 Th' eternal ransom paid.

His soul was stay'd in mountain-air,  
 Fast by the throne of God ;  
 While oft the wrestling midnight prayer  
 Embalm'd the path He trod.

His Father heard it from the mist  
 Of glory where He sat ;  
 And there were Angels who would list,  
 And flee to soothe His state.

\*                      \*                      \*

Methinks I hear a Spirit-voice  
 Carolling from the tomb ;  
 It says, " Rejoice, O still rejoice !  
 The flowers freshly bloom.

" The ' Rose of Sharon ' blooms this day  
 In th' Paradise of God ;  
 And grateful odours charge the way  
 From incense of His blood !

“The ‘Cloud of Witnesses’ proclaim  
 The song in earth and heaven :  
 ‘Glory for ever to the Lamb  
 Who hath our ransom given !

“ ‘Who shines in love into our hearts,  
 And draws them close to Him ;’  
 While Seraph-Angels take their parts,  
 And laud with Cherubim.”

## SEPARATION.

I pray to my Father in Heaven,  
 When my soul is deep-sinking in woe ;  
 And the streams of His mercy are given,  
 As a full heart before Him doth flow.

I spread all my sorrows around,  
 Like a sable cloud hiding the sun ;  
 But when I my Saviour have found,  
 He smiles, and my course I still run.

\* \* \*

I gather my loved-ones with me  
 In spirit to kneel round the throne,  
 Its light and its glory to see,  
 Like sweet birds from earth that have flown.

Encircling there still we ascend  
 In earnest desires of our rest,  
 Till our hearts in full-unison blend  
 In the joyous abodes of the blest.

There, raised far above space and time,  
 Earth's cold bars no longer shall sever;  
 For, once fled to that happy clime,  
 We know we shall love there for ever!

\*                      \*                      \*

All partings of anguish below,  
 Will be lost in one meeting above;  
 The streamlets that here lonely flow,  
 There blend in an Ocean of Love!

## "SHE'S GONE!"

( A Sister's Lament. )

Her full dark eye would rest on mine,  
 In calm and peaceful love;  
 Then raised to heaven, again would shine  
 With radiance from above.  
 So clear and bright it glisten'd there,  
 It seem'd like lucid well,  
 Wherein we see reflected fair  
 The stars in heaven's cell.

It drank the purest lights above,  
 In ardent, wishful gaze;  
 Then shed them down in looks of love,  
 Fresh caught from Jesus' face.  
 Casting resplendent gleams around  
 Upon the watchful throng,  
 She pour'd her richest joys in sound  
 In tones of heav'nly song.

Her soul was pierced by sorrow's sting,  
 Too gentle for this earth ;  
 But still she would to Jesus cling,  
 And He hath drawn her forth,  
 And placed her where the tears that stood  
 Still quiv'ring in that eye  
 Are quench'd for ever in the flood  
 Of joy that dwells on high !

\* \* \*

[*The Departed Spirit speaks from Heaven !*]

From heaven she speaks, "O Sister dear,  
 Lift up thy streaming eye ;  
 Behold me fill'd with glory here !—  
 And thus forget to sigh.  
 Our sweetest converse, happiest, best,  
 Was but to long for heaven ;  
 Then, why lament ?—at last I rest  
 Where all my heart was given !

"Mother and Sister ! swift as light  
 The moments hasten on ;  
 Soon shall ye walk in robes of white,  
 With me, beside the throne !  
 There shall you bless the wondrous love  
 That raised me first to glory ;  
 Like wreath of snow exhaled above,  
 Not blanch'd with sorrows hoary !"



# A VOYAGE IN GREEK WATERS:

BEING A DESCRIPTION OF OUR PASSAGE FROM ATHENS TO  
EUBŒA, AND JOURNEY UP THE COUNTRY  
TO THE ESTATE OF CASTANIOTISSA.

[The following is a brief sketch of a voyage from Athens to Eubœa, by a Family of nine persons, in a Greek Ship of War, a "condemned" vessel, as we afterwards found; and on one night our danger was great. At night, the effects of the phosphorescence of the waters beneath, in the ship's wake, combining with the bright glittering of the stars above, were startlingly beautiful. On landing in Eubœa, we were obliged to stay for the night at a sort of barn-house. In the morning, we all proceeded to the Estate of my Uncle (the Rev. H. D. Leeves), mounted on mules with pack-saddles, attended by the Steward and the Guides. We passed through lovely scenery, by bosquets of myrtle, oleanders, &c., anemones of all colors starring and strewing our path. On reaching the Estate, the peasants rushed in a body, with joy, to greet their Lord ("*Affendico*" in Greek); and we wound up the hill to the White House, overlooking the village below, amidst cheers and congratulations.]

We hasten'd from th' Athenian shore,  
That night of matchless light;  
And swiftly rush'd our Ship of War  
Over the waters bright,

Cutting the waves in angry din,  
Till o'er its pathway dark  
The chafed flood burst in flashing sheen,  
Lighting the fragile bark.

\*

\*

\*



So sorrow's flood surrounds the Ark  
 That wafts us to our rest ;  
 Yet lights of joy the pathway mark  
 Upon its murky breast ;

Like sparks of love struck from the cold  
 And flinty heart of man,  
 Where oft affliction's torrent roll'd  
 As swift to joy he ran.

\*                    \*                    \*

Thus sprang we hopeless o'er the tide,  
 In sickness and despair ;  
 The roaring sea then open'd wide \*  
 Its jaws to seize us there !

\*                    \*                    \*

But now, our drooping spirits soar,  
 We gaze into the skies ;  
 Behold ! the whole of heaven's floor  
 Glistens with angels' eyes ! †

Beaming in starlight love and glee  
 Upon our melting souls,  
 Thirsting in light with them to flee  
 Beyond the gleaming poles,

\* It was thought, one night, the vessel could not live through the storm ; and we found afterwards it was a "condemned" vessel ! We were about a week on the voyage.

† The stars, at night, are inexpressibly beautiful in Eastern climes.

And dive amidst the cloudland blaze  
 Of radiant spotless white,  
 Floating in robes of shadowy haze  
 Amidst that pure heav'n's night.

\*                      \*                      \*

*Evening Prayer on Board Ship.*

Our bark glides on, and from its breast  
 Ascends the hymn of praise;  
 Our fearful spirits hush'd to rest,  
 A grateful prayer we raise.  
 Our souls we place within His hand,  
 Who steers our bark aright;  
 We hasten to another land,  
 But keep Him still in sight.

\*                      \*                      \*

We wake from sleep, and soon appears  
 Th' oasis of our rest;  
 We land \* in smiles that chase our tears,  
 And dance † upon its breast.  
 The gloomy shades steal every ray,  
 We cannot reach the goal;  
 This night ‡ we must our footsteps stay,  
 Till darkness' folds unroll.

\* Landing in the Island of Eubœa.

† Literal.

‡ We could not proceed to the village that evening. They told us, if we "did, the wolves would eat us, or the pirates would take us, or the bandits would seize us," &c.

*Night.*

In rustic barn we lay us down,  
 The fork'd fire darts around ;  
 "Nay, gentle ladies, do not frown,  
 Here peaceful rest is found!" \*  
 We bake the sweet red eggs and bread, †  
 And then dispense around ;  
 We hear the Greeks' departing tread,  
 And all alone are found.

The little band, on bended knees,  
 Implore their Father's care ;  
 And He the grateful incense sees  
 From hymns of praises there.  
 Each weary head inclines to rest,  
 The mantle of the night  
 Spreading its dark and starry vest  
 Athwart each vision bright.

\*                    \*                    \*

*The Sun Rises.*

The shades disperse, and Kate ‡ prepares  
 The ever-grateful tea ;  
 And so dispenses all the "shares,"  
 That none for her I see !

\*                    \*                    \*

\* The Greeks said.

† Two days before Easter.

‡ An inestimable unselfish Swiss "Bonne," whose devoted nursing through a serious illness was a great means of saving my life.

Mount! mount!—the mules are all array'd,  
 With "pack-saddles," to ride;  
 And she who feels the most afraid,  
 Shall still in safety glide.

The eager rustics seize the rein,  
 And on in triumph guide  
 The smiling ladies, till they gain  
 The village of their pride.  
 They jolt along in mirthful guise,  
 Bursting through flood and fell,  
 Radiant before their sparkling eyes  
 The land they love so well!

*Ode to Greece.*

Sweet Greece! thy heaven without alloy  
 Is like an angel's face,  
 Transparent to the hues of joy  
 That all his features grace!  
 Sweet Greece! thy land of magic form  
 Is like an angel's wing;  
 Be it in sunshine or in storm,  
 It gleams a glorious thing!

Thy mountain brows\* are clothed in mist,  
 A coronet divine,  
 Which, when the glowing sun has kiss'd,  
 Like golden hills they shine;

\* A chain of mountains, amongst which are Olympus, Parnassus, &c., we saw from our house in Eubœa towering over the azure sea.

And bathe themselves in changeless rest,  
 Fix'd in the depths below,  
 With smiles upon their peaceful breast  
 Midst love's sea's endless flow !

*The Peasants' Greeting.*

(The Peasants coming from the village on the Estate to greet us on our arrival.)

The peasant-train now rush to meet  
 The merry, laughing show ;  
 And throw themselves before his feet,  
 Their loved "Affendico !" \*  
 Each swarthy face is wreath'd in smiles,  
 Each red hand raised on high ;  
 Each flower they cull the way beguiles,  
 And cheats the weary sigh.

The face of nature beauty wears,  
 The earth is fill'd with light ;  
 And "Diamanti " † deck'd appears,  
 In gold and crimson bright.  
 Adown the steep we wind with care,  
 The dashing torrents cross ;  
 Safely we pass each pirate snare,  
 And smile at fear and loss !

\* Lord.

† The faithful Greek Steward of the Estate, in jacket of scarlet-and-gold and white fustinellos. He was afterwards murdered by some Greeks.

*The "Affendico's" House.*

(First sight of the "Affendico's" House, at noon, on a hill,  
in the midst of the village.)

Fly! fly!—the White House gleams in sight!  
The moss-clad hillocks shine,  
The gorgeous stars\* our pathway strew,  
The land is all divine!  
See! "Parádeisos"† waves our way,  
The lovely Grecian dame;  
Her dark eyes flashing all she'd say,  
Now points our path to fame.

Great "Arab"‡ barks our welcome wild,  
And frisks the train to see;  
And gently greets each loving child  
That strokes, in fearless glee,  
Her white hand o'er his sable back,  
And courts his future love,  
To save her from the robber-pack,  
That she may safely rove,

And cull the flowers the livelong day,  
And sweetly sleep the night,  
Dreaming that morn is come for play,  
The merry dancing wight,

\* Wild anemones.

† Her name was, in Greek, "Parádeisos" (Paradise).

‡ An immense black Newfoundland Dog.

Who creeps around her father dear  
 To steal the frequent kiss,  
 Her fresh heart flowing deep and clear,  
 In early gleams of bliss!

*The Next Morning: Family Prayer: Easter-Day.*

“Χριστὸς ἀνέστη!”—“CHRIST IS RISEN!”

The Salutation of the Modern Greeks on Easter-Day.

The morn seems bursting in a blaze!  
 As swift they circle round,  
 And gaze beyond that earth-born haze,  
 To where their rest is found;  
 Beyond that azure peaceful wave,  
 Beyond that snowy height,  
 Where angels' wings their gleamings lave  
 In Heaven's eternal light.

Heav'nward their grateful souls arise,  
 Wing'd by a Father's prayer,  
 Exhaled beyond these drooping skies  
 And steep'd in glory there;  
 Their golden locks glance, glow, and gleam,  
 Their eyes, undimm'd by tears,  
 Shine in the floods of light that beam  
 On God-giv'n youthful years!

*Evening.*

(Thoughts of the Father.)

The hoary head that's blanch'd for God  
 In sorrow's icy wave,



And meekly pales\* beneath the rod,  
 And sinks into the grave ;  
 Shall rise in radiance from the tomb,  
 In living tints of light,  
 And rest, for ever past death's gloom,  
 On heaven's eternal height !

The glacier gleams in ice and snows,  
 Cold, desolate, and lone ; †  
 In melting sorrows gently flows,—  
 Pale death is all her own.  
 But when the rising sun shall raise  
 His gaze to her cold brow,  
 His glorious hues in streaming blaze  
 Of joy shall o'er her flow.

\*                    \*                    \*

The wingèd day is past and gone,  
 My weary heart seeks rest ;  
 Not e'en the glorious sun that shone,  
 And spread his beauteous vest  
 Of rosy tints across the sky,  
 In mild and dying light,  
 Gleaming athwart the heavenward eye,  
 Like bows of promise bright,

Can stay me from the deep-set rest  
 That steeps the peaceful soul,  
 When thoughts of all that's purest, best,  
 Within night's curtains roll.

\* The Father is since dead.

† And the Mother desolate.



When, having praised "Our Father's" love,  
 His everlasting arms  
 Enfold us closely from above,  
 Secure from earth's alarms!

*Castaniotissa, 1839.*

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## EARLY REMEMBRANCES.

The fairest forms of early youth  
 Now flit before mine eye;  
 In all their sweetest love and truth  
 In childhood's mirth they fly.

The merry games and infant plays  
 That pleased (we knew not why),  
 Crowded around our early days  
 Before we learnt to sigh.

The fleeting beat of youthful feet  
 That danced along the floor,  
 And rushed away with joy to greet  
 Sweet Susan\* at the door!

With joyous chime did sweet young time  
 His merry bells ring out;  
 As wild with sparkling glee we'd climb  
 The Simshill's dewy "tout."†

\* One of my Companions in childhood.

† In Somersetshire a hill is sometimes called a *tout*.

The smiles, the tears, of those bright years,  
 We mingled there together ;  
 Nor ever glanced at parting fears,  
 Nor dreamt of wintry weather.

The summer birds that sang aloft,  
 The strawberries that grew ;  
 Where oft we made our couch so soft,  
 Where the pink heather blew.

The village bells, with silvery tongue,  
 That chimed upon the ear ;  
 We on their accents startled hung,—  
 “Is’t joy or grief we hear?”

These memories rest in thankful hearts,  
 Close-link’d in early love ;  
 And when the tear of sadness starts,  
 We raise our thoughts above,

To *Him*, who dwelt upon our earth,  
 Weigh’d by excess of sorrow ;  
 Who *died* to give us heavenly birth,  
 And life a brighter morrow !

## A SISTER’S MARRIAGE.

(After our Father’s death.)

My Father ! see thy children-band  
 Gliding in robes of white  
 Slow past thy tomb, whilst thou dost stand  
 In heaven’s effulgent light.

And canst thou blessings on us pour  
As thou didst here on earth,  
And raise our trusting spirits more  
To climes where joy has birth?

Blest *are* we, in our Home above,  
We have *two* Fathers now  
Gazing with more than earthly love  
Upon each changing brow.

\* \* \*

God of our life! who guid'st us o'er  
This pathway to the skies,  
Preserve the *Loved One* who no more  
Amidst us smiles or sighs.

Crown her with blessings that belong  
To those Thou lovest best;  
Then waft her, midst th' angelic throng,  
To Thine eternal rest!

*Wrrington.*





## ANSWERS TO VALENTINES FROM MY HUSBAND.

Februrary 14, 1867.

To thine, my faithful heart responds,  
In love's entrancing stable bonds :  
May Hymen's deep-set golden chains  
Be surely everlasting gains,

Winding around our path on earth,  
Symbols of constancy and worth ;  
Till links of love no more we need,  
Where love in essence reigns indeed !

Februrary 14, 1868.

An answ'ring note thy lyre requires  
Of warm and tender love,  
Breathing amidst the dewy spires  
As coos the whisp'ring dove ;

Mounting above these rugged plains  
To lands of golden light,  
Where, joined eternally; He deigns  
To fill us with delight.

Before the Throne of God, our Lord,  
The past shall stand out clear,  
Traced in light by the glorious Word,  
Who brings us safely there.

Ecstatic praise shall then reveal  
The souls so clouded here,  
As long imprison'd waters steal,  
And rainbow tints appear.

Then shall the river of our joy  
In widening courses rove,  
Time's shifting waves of past alloy  
Merge in that Sea of Love.





A FEW  
LITERARY REMAINS  
AND  
NOTICES  
OF THE  
LIFE OF MY GRANDFATHER,  
THE  
REV. WILLIAM LEEVES.









House where Locke  
was born.

WRINGTON CHURCH, SOMERSETSHIRE.



## ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. W. LEEVES.

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE ‘ BRISTOL MIRROR.’ ”

“ Sir,

“ I was sorry to see the death of the Rev. Wm. Leeves *merely* mentioned in the obituary of your last paper. Such an event surely deserves some fuller memorial, and it would be naturally looked for in this city, in which he was so well known ; therefore (unless some abler pen should forestall my intention), I beg to offer a few remarks on the loss we have sustained by the departure of this amiable and highly-respected man. Mr. Leeves was Rector of Wrington (a village celebrated by having been the birth-place of Locke) for a period of nearly fifty years, and there fulfilled his clerical duties in so exemplary a manner, as to insure him the love and the respect of the whole neighbourhood. He promoted the religious and moral welfare of his flock, and was himself an example of all that is upright and good in the different relations of pastor, master, husband, and father. In performing the holy part allotted to him, there was no *display* of religion ; he followed and inculcated the sacred commandments in the true spirit of Christian meekness and humility. Mr.

Leeves was never seen to greater advantage than when engaged in family worship, in which his soul delighted; and when he became too weak to perform that duty himself, his family assembled, morning and evening, around his bed, when, in broken accents, he gave the blessing. His continual and favorite amusement to the last was composing hymns, and 'singing them in his heart;' his end was calm, tranquil, and peaceful (like the tenour of his life), and death came on almost imperceptibly. Mr. Leeves' only earthly wish, when he felt his end approaching, was, that he might live to see all his family before he quitted them; that wish was granted to him, and his last words were, 'Resignation to the will of God.' He was buried in the church at Wrington; and the inhabitants of the village, and many of the neighbourhood, both rich and poor, testified their respect by following his remains to the place of interment, where a hymn was sung, to which he had been particularly partial. In the musical world, Mr. Leeves has immortalised himself, by the exquisite and touching simplicity of the music of the pathetic ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray,' originally composed by him in the year 1770. This melody has been claimed by a whole nation; but who that was acquainted with Mr. Leeves would question *his* word, or for a moment believe that he would claim aught that did not belong to him? Perhaps one of the most convincing and sure proofs of its authenticity lay in the modesty with which he claimed this beautiful production, and in the characteristic simplicity with which he acknowledged *that*, of which many would have made a boast. When Mr. Leeves heard Miss Stephens sing this ballad, he was so much delighted with her expression, and her melting tones, that he shed

tears. The songstress was much gratified on hearing of the effect her singing had produced on the venerable *author*, and was indulged in her wish of being introduced to the composer of the air which added so much to her celebrity. But there are so many anecdotes connected with this subject, doubtless well known, that I need not repeat them. Mr. Leeves composed much sacred music, some of which is already in print, and it is to be hoped that what he has left may be laid before the public. At a very advanced age his voice, though feeble, was harmonious, and could not be heard without exciting feelings of deep emotion. Mr. Leeves also possessed the gift of numbers, and his poetical productions, whether playful or serious, always combined both taste and feeling.

“I remain, Sir, with respect, yours,

“June 5th, 1828.”

“E. G.

### “AULD ROBIN GRAY.”

“The verses for the old air were written in 1770 or 1772, by Lady Anne Lindsay, eldest daughter of the Earl of Balcarras. A highly popular air to the same words was composed by the Rev. W. Leeves, Rector of Wrington, Somersetshire. He tells us that, in 1770, having received a copy of the verses from the Hon. Mrs. Byron, he immediately set them to music; but in a letter from Lady Anne Lindsay (then Barnard) to Sir Walter Scott in July, 1823, she says she composed the song ‘soon after the close of the year 1771!’ She or Mr. Leeves



may have mistaken the year. Although not a Scottish melody, Mr. Leeves' air is given here on account of its great popularity."

[Taken from "The Songs of Scotland," adapted to their appropriate melodies. Illustrated with historical, biographical, and critical notices. By George Farquhar Graham.]

## "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

*Extract from a Newspaper, October, 1843.*

"Miss Adelaide Kemble sang this ballad at her benefit on Tuesday night at Covent Garden. Miss Birch sang it at Mr. Fletcher's concert on Thursday; and Mr. Wilson had the honour of singing it before the Queen in Scotland, and has since given it everywhere else in his tour through the provinces. Now, many of these persons who sang this ballad, and many more who listened to it, have thought all the while they were singing or listening to genuine Scottish music, and an old Scottish ballad that had existed from the time they knew not when. No such thing. This air was originally and entirely composed by the Rev. William Leeves (who died only a few years ago), rector of Wrington, in Somerset, and the friend and constant visitor of Mrs. Hannah More, at Barley Wood, in the same parish, where the writer of this notice has often met both parties, and some of whose most pleasing reminiscences are associated with the old Rectory House at Wrington, and its venerable and much-loved inmates. The son of this Mr. Leeves has long been settled at Athens, and some of

our readers have, we dare say, contributed to the church which his and their means have conjoined to raise, and of which he is the zealous minister. It was the father of this Mr. Leeves, the Athenian, who, once a gay officer in the Guards, but afterwards, as we have said, the sober and respected rector of Wrington, having a great talent for music, on receiving the words of 'Auld Robin Gray' (taken from an old Scottish song), at the hands of Lady Anne Lindsay, at her ladyship's special request (we believe there was a little wager pending, relating to the possibility or not of imitating closely Scottish music), produced the beautiful ballad which is now the theme of universal admiration, and as universally believed to be an original old air from the north of the Tweed; for Mr. Leeves (giving himself up to the duties of his parish, and recreating himself with his violoncello and the composition of sacred music) gave no heed to the pirated editions which were springing up on all sides, and as little attention to the sensation it caused in the world. But in late years, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, seconded, we believe, by Miss Stephens, his great favourite, who knew and venerated the composer, and from whom she received several judicious hints as to the best manner of giving effect to this ballad, he consented to publish it with his name, and the history and proof of its original composition by him prefixed. In this publication six sacred songs are added, several of which are productions of very considerable merit and great beauty. We know not whether the volume be out of print or not."

## LETTER AND PREFACE

*To Six Sacred Compositions and "Auld Robin Gray"*  
by the REV. W. LEEVES.

"To THOMAS HAMMERSLEY, ESQ.

"My dear Sir,

"Anxious as you have ever been for the rule of right, as well as for the fair fame of your friends, you have more than once solicited that I would publicly claim an offspring which, for more than forty years, has been of uncertain origin. Nothing could have induced me to undertake this at my period of life, but the offer of your kind testimony to the genuineness of this my early production, which an acquaintance with it in manuscript, long before it surreptitiously found its way to the public eye, enables you so convincingly to bear. As to the story, you may remember that I received it from the Hon. Mrs. Byron, and understood it to have been written by Lady Anne Lindsay; but lest it may be supposed that lyrics have engrossed more than a proper share of my attention, I adjoin some sacred compositions, and submit the whole to your protection. These, I hope, may not be an uninteresting addition, at a time when the spirit of religion in this country is happily on the increase.

"Believe me, with much esteem,

"My dear Sir,

"Your very sincere and obliged,

"Wrrington, June 12, 1812."

"WM. LEEVES.

## PREFACE.

"The Amateur Author of this little Collection would be sorry that any idea of incongruity should attach to the



association of what is entitled a *Ballad*, with compositions avowedly *sacred*. The latter he ventures to offer *professionally*, at a period when a taste for Religion is no longer the only one left uncultivated. The former ought not to be esteemed inconsistent with subjects of a serious nature, when it is recollected that the term *Ballad* (according to DR. WATTS) “once signified a solemn and sacred song” —that dignity of style and tenderness of expression are mutually the characteristics of sacred music and of the original Scottish melody; and above all, that the catastrophe of this particular Ballad is evidently marked by that most essential Christian grace, *resignation*. A high encomium is conceived to have been conferred on this imitation of the ancient strains of Minstrelsy, by the unwillingness to believe that it is a modern production. Some mistake may have arisen from the existence of a Scotch song, adapted to these words, the antiquity of which has in vain been endeavoured to be ascertained; but the enquiry has produced the following very satisfactory light upon the subject, from an ingenious and respectable Gentleman at Edinburgh.

“‘It is almost impossible to ascertain at what precise  
‘time, or by whom, any of the Scottish airs were com-  
‘posed. Some of our musical antiquaries, particularly the  
‘late MR. TITLER, endeavoured, by a critical examination  
‘of the structure of the Airs, to fix the æras of their pro-  
‘duction; but he gives fancies and conjectures merely,  
‘instead of anything like evidence; and his Dissertation,  
‘which is annexed to Arnot’s History of Edinburgh, is  
‘altogether unsatisfactory. The origin of our music is  
‘extremely uncertain, though there are various circum-  
‘stances which nearly convince me that it cannot be so

‘ancient as some of our zealous countrymen think it. ‘With respect to the old Air of ‘Auld Robin Gray,’ I ‘conceive it to be more modern than many of the Scottish ‘Airs, because in Ramsay’s Tea-Table Miscellany, first ‘published about 1724, it is not mentioned.’

“This Air is printed as an introduction to that now published in the celebrated DR. HAYDN’s Collection of National Melodies. As the *measure* is of a similar nature, it may not be unsatisfactory to declare, which can be done with the clearest conscience, that the Editor of the present publication never heard of any other music than his own being applied to these interesting words, till many years after that was produced to which he now asserts an undivided claim. From the preceding Address to his now, alas! much lamented friend, MR. HAMMERSLEY, to whom this work was intended to have been affectionately inscribed, it appears that *he* was well acquainted with this Ballad long before its surreptitious appearance in print; and the still more convincing testimony might be added, of a respectable relative now resident at Bath, who was on a visit to the Author’s family at Richmond, when the words were received, and the first manuscript produced. That this little attempt was never intended as an imposture on the Musical World, the open acknowledgment of it at the time it first appeared will sufficiently prove; and it may perhaps be esteemed a further collateral evidence, that the only remuneration hitherto received by the real composer of what is termed the *modern* ‘Auld Robin Gray,’ so often sung, and so repeatedly sold, has been,—what he values, however, most highly,—the candid approbation of his private Friends.

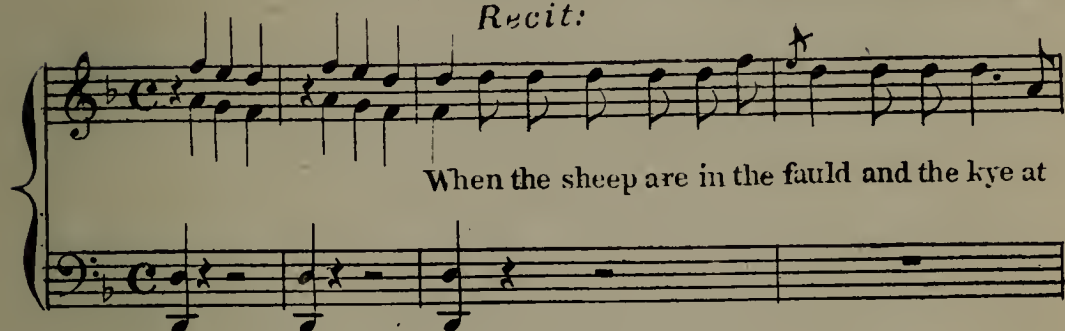
# THE WELL KNOWN BALLAD AULD ROBIN GRAY.

*as originally composed about the year 1770 by the*

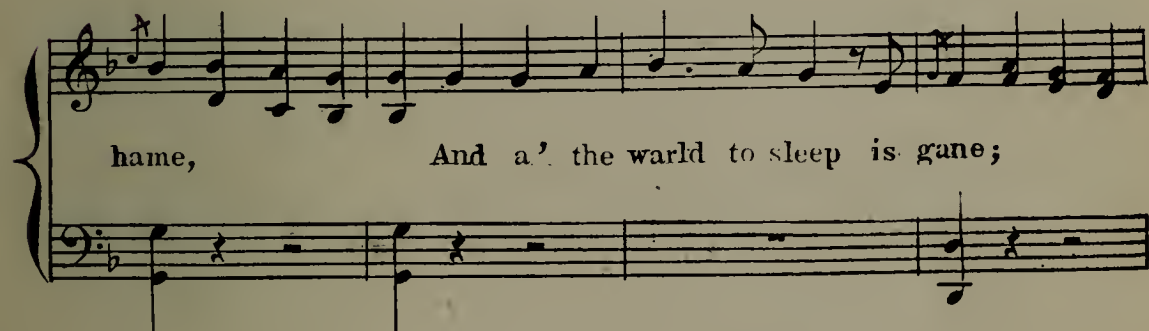
**REV<sup>d</sup> WILLIAM LEEVES.**

*Words by Lady Ann Lindsay*

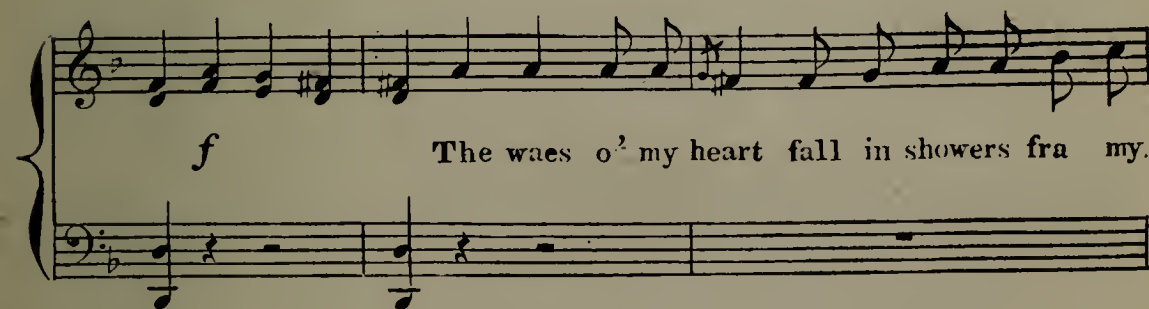
*Recit:*



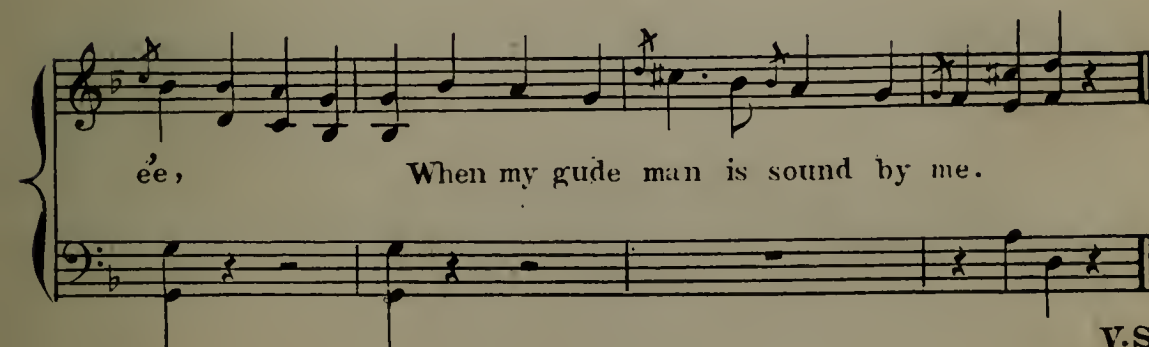
When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye at



hame, And a' the warld to sleep is gane;



*f* The waes o' my heart fall in showers fra my.



ée, When my guide man is sound by me.

*Andante.*

*p* *espress.* *es.* *p*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major and 2/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes with various ornaments (accents, slurs, and a 'p' marking). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

*Andante.**Voice.*

Young Jamie lov'd me weel, ... And ask'd me for his bride, But

*p*

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand has a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The left hand has a more active accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

sav - ing a crown, He had naething else be - side ... , To

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand has a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The left hand has a more active accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.



make the crown a pound my Ja-mie went to sea; And the

*p* *p* *sostenuto.*

'crown and the pound were baith for me. He had nae beengane but a

*p*

year and a day, .When my Faither brake his arm, and our

*cres.* *pp*

cow was stole a - way: My Mither she fell sick, . . and

Jamie at the sea, And Auld Ro-bin Gray came a -

court - - ing to me.

## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

RECITATIVE.

“ When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,  
 And a' the warld to sleep is gane ;  
 The waes o' my heart fall in showers fra my e'e,  
 When my gude man is sound by me.

“ Young Jamie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for his bride,  
 But saving a crown, he had naething else beside ;  
 To make the crown a pound my Jamie went to sea,  
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.  
 He had nae been gane but a year and a day,  
 When my faither brake his arm, and our cow was stole away :  
 My mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea,  
 And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting to me.

“ My faither could nae work, my mither could nae spin,  
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I could nae win ;  
 Auld Rob maintain'd 'em baith, and wi' tears in his e'e,  
 Said, ‘ Jeany, for *their* sakes, O marry me !’  
 My heart it said nae, and I look'd for Jamie back ;  
 But the wind it blew hard, and his ship was a wrack ;—  
 His ship it was a wrack,—why did nae Jeany dee ?  
 And why do I live to cry, ‘ Wae is me ?’

“My faither urg’d me sair,—my mither did nae speak,  
 But she look’d in my face, till my heart was like to break;  
 They gi’ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea;  
 Sae Auld Robin Gray is gude man to me.  
 I had nae been a wife but weeks only four,  
 When sitting sae mournfully at my ain door,  
 I saw my Jamie’s wraith,—for I could nae think it he,  
 Till he said, ‘I’m come hame, love, to marry thee!’

“Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say:  
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore oursels away.  
 I wish that I were dead!—but I’m nae like to dee;  
 Ah! why was I born to cry, ‘Wae is me?’—  
 I gang like a ghaist, and I care nae to spin;  
 I dare nae think o’ Jamie, for that would be a sin;—  
 Sae I’ll do my best a gude wife to be,  
 For Auld Robin Gray is kind to me.”



## LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM MRS. HANNAH MORE.

*Extract from a letter to MRS. LEEVES.*

“Bath, April 1, 1802.

“I thank God that I am enabled to say that I felt much peace and resignation in the near view, as all thought, of death. I believe it requires almost more Christian fortitude to bear many of the trials of life, than to meet the approaches of its dissolution. One short petition, however, should form the Christian’s motto,—‘Thy will be done.’ Almost our whole duty seems involved in these little words. As soon as she came to Bath, I had the great pleasure of a kind visit from Mrs. Wathen. She looked delightfully. Her accounts of you did not quite equal my hope and expectation. I am thoroughly pleased at your becoming our Barley Wood neighbours, as I was half afraid of some churlish strangers. I have not yet allowed my imagination to wander to my own pretty ground, not expecting to see it again. I would not let even my thoughts attach themselves to it; I now begin to think how pretty it is. I am much obliged by Mr. Leeves’ occasional inspection. How wicked to have run on so long without adverting to the blessed event of *peace ratified!* The only way in which *I* can express my satisfaction, is to treat with a good dinner both your poor-houses. . . . My sisters join me in kind regards to Mr. L. and yourself. I hope the dear little maid is better. With cordial wishes for your recovery,

“Believe me, my dear Mrs. Leeves,

“Very sincerely yours,

“H. MORE.”

*To MRS. LEEVES, on her Mother's (MRS. WATHEN'S) death.*

"Thursday, April 8, 1807.

"My dear Madam.

"I do not condole with you, for it would not be just. I do not congratulate you, for it would not be decent; but I truly sympathise with you in the affecting event. Death, under such circumstances, seems divested of his terrors. She is at peace; gone to the resting-place of the just. May we all be reminded by her death to prepare for our own. With kind regards to Mr. Leeves,

"Believe me, dear Madam,

"Very faithfully yours,

"Barley Wood."

"H. MORE.

*To MISS LEEVES (afterwards MRS. ELSDALE) before her Marriage.*

"My dear Miss Leeves.

"Accept from an old friend these little memorials of affection. It is some pleasure to me to hope that you and yours may be perusing them when the author is mouldered in the dust. Accept my most cordial wishes for your happiness, and that of him to whom you must owe so large a part of it. May it please God to enable you to fulfil all your religious and domestic duties in the most exemplary manner. That *He* may direct, bless, and sanctify you by His grace, is the sincere wish of your very affectionate friend,

"HANNAH MORE.

"Barley Wood, 21st July, 1810."

*To the REV. WM. LEEVES, after her last Sister's death.*

“To the Rev. Wm. Leeves.

“I am exceedingly obliged and gratified by the affecting attentions, both of Father and Son, in the public services of the day. With a trembling hand, and ever-oppressed heart, I could not forbear sending these poor thanks, and desiring your prayers for your obliged and affectionate

“H. MORE.

“Return the enclosed by the bearer.\*

“Sunday Evening, Sept. 1819.”

\*A letter just arrived from the Bishop of Gloucester, requesting that himself and Mr. Wilberforce might attend the funeral.

## EXTRACT FROM A SERMON

*Preached by the REV. HENRY D. LEEVES, at Wroughton Church, after the Death of his Father, the REV. W. LEEVES, who died on Whit-Sunday, May 20th, 1828, at the age of 80.*

I COR. ix. 24, 25.

\*

\*

\*

“These are the last words to you, my brethren, of your aged Minister, before he gave up his soul to God. I *will hope* that you will bear them away with you in your hearts, and that they will excite many of you—(nay, I will utter a

large hope, for my heart is open towards you)—that they will excite *all of you* to consider your ways, and henceforth so to run, that you may obtain an incorruptible crown, and ‘shine as the sun in the kingdom of your heavenly Father.’

“As to him who wrote these words, I humbly trust that, through the merits of our Redeemer, he is gone to partake of that inheritance of pure joy, which it was his earnest desire to excite you to seek. After a long, and as he used gratefully to acknowledge, a peculiarly tranquil and happy life (nearly fifty years of which were spent among you in this parish), he has passed through as peculiarly a tranquil and happy death, into the presence of his Lord.

“It would ill become me, standing in the near relation in which I do to our dear departed father and friend, to enter into any laboured panegyric of his character and conduct. During a long period of years, his life has been before you; and in the situation which he filled as a Minister of Christ, he has been as a city on a hill, which cannot be hid.’ It should, therefore, be rather for *you* to *testify*, than for *me* to *assert*, that he has shown forth amongst you the fruits of a real Christianity, in a pious, humble, charitable, forbearing, meek, upright, and consistent course of conduct. I believe, indeed, there will be few among you, whose hearts will not be saying at this moment,—‘He was a good man, and he is gone to his rest; may God give me grace to follow him.’ And if such be the thought of your hearts, I would join to it my hearty Amen. May God give us all grace to follow him!

“But though his life has thus been before you, and calls not on me to speak of it, it may not be uninteresting to you to hear,—and indeed, as his flock, you have a sort of

right to learn,—some particulars concerning the last days of his existence, after he was withdrawn from your observation. Very soon after his last appearance in this pulpit, to which exertion he was evidently unequal, another attack of his complaint seized him, from which it was apparent, both to those around him and to himself, that in his weakened state he could not recover. He then desired that his absent children might be sent for, whom he expressed an anxiety to see once more ; ‘and after that,’ he said, ‘I hope I shall be allowed to say,—Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.’

“It pleased God to hear and fulfil this his wish, I think, in its fullest extent; and to grant at the same time to his Family the consolation of seeing their Parent pass out of this world without pain of body, and in tranquillity of mind, through the exercise of a truly Christian faith, and hope, and resignation to the will of God. It pleased God, indeed, to remove from him all fear whatever of death. He met it, and made all his preparations for it with the calmness with which a man would order his affairs for a long journey; and as death approached nearer and nearer, he hailed its coming as a friend,—frequently expressed his desire to depart,—and rejoiced at perceiving his increasing weakness, as bringing him nearer to the haven of rest, where he would be. Yet he showed no impatience. ‘I trust,’ he said, ‘I can wait God’s time with perfect resignation.’ Nor could anything be further from him than a presumptuous confidence, or a reliance on his own merits; for, indeed, *humility* was a feature which strongly marked his character. ‘I am fully conscious,’ he would say, ‘of my *numberless transgressions*; but I have a *good hope* that they are *all blotted out*, through the merits



and propitiation of my blessed Saviour Jesus Christ. In *Him alone* can we trust.' And often did he repeat the same words,—‘In *Him alone* can we trust.’

“He frequently expressed his thankfulness to Almighty God for the many blessings he had been permitted to enjoy in this world, saying that ‘his life had been a life of mercies from its very beginning to its end;’ and he was particularly grateful for the *nature* of his illness, and the easy manner in which he was permitted, as he expressed it, to ‘slide out of this world,’ in considering which, he would often exclaim that it was ‘wonderful,’ that it was ‘a merciful dispensation.’

“The thought of the dear partner of his life, who had gone before him, always filled him with tender and animated recollections; and the hope of being re-united with her, formed a part of his prospects of enjoyment in a better world. ‘I trust,’ he said, ‘I am going to rejoin my dear partner in peace and happiness;’ and in almost his last moments, when speaking of her, he said, ‘I *trust* we shall meet to *part* no more.’

“Among the books in which, during the last months of his life, he took the greatest pleasure, and which he would frequently recommend, was one entitled, ‘On the four last things—Death and Judgment, Heaven and Hell;’ and his mark was found standing at a prayer it contains ‘for a holy and happy death,’—a prayer which he both used in private and in his family devotions, which he performed himself as long as his strength permitted him. When he became unequal to this task, he regularly called his family to prayers around his bed, in which he fervently joined, and scarcely ever failed to close them himself, though in weak and broken accents, with that beautiful

benediction in the office for the Visitation of the Sick,—which comprises also the last text on which he addressed you from this pulpit,—‘The Lord be merciful to us and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon us, and give us *peace now and evermore.*’ and the words ‘*Peace now and evermore*’ were often on his lips, particularly during the closing hours of his life. Among the last words he was able distinctly to utter, was the Apostolic benediction,—which was indeed a solemn and consoling farewell to us all,—‘The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all;’ repeating again, with strong emphasis, ‘be with *us all evermore.*’ Then shortly after, he settled himself into a tranquil and composed attitude, and, with his head leaning on his hand, and a countenance indicating no pain or uneasiness, gently and gradually breathed out his spirit into the hands of his ‘faithful Creator, and most merciful Saviour.’

“And now, my brethren, may we not say, in the words of the Thanksgiving in our Liturgy, ‘We bless, O Lord, Thy holy name for this Thy servant who has departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow his good example, that with him we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom. Grant this, O Lord, for Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen.’”

## THE LAST DAYS

*Of the* REV. W. LEEVES, *given in a few particulars by*  
*his eldest* DAUGHTER.

“May, 1828.

“Tuesday evening, May 13th, I reached the rectory. A deeply interesting meeting: in the first place, with a dear brother (Henry), after nine years separation; my father extremely weak, and only just able to speak to me, but with his usual affection. I asked him if he suffered pain. He said, ‘No; I am mercifully dealt with, mercifully dealt with;’ and stated the chief suffering of body which oppressed him. He slept much during the night.

“Wednesday morning, 14th. The children were brought into his room, and he blessed them individually, laying his hand upon their heads, and exhorting them to be good. He was so exhausted with this, that he felt it necessary to delay a little the receiving of the Lord’s Supper. At four o’clock we all assembled,—his five children and four servants,—to partake with him. It was a highly interesting scene. My aged father commenced by imploring God to render what we were about to hear and to receive profitable to all present; and at the conclusion, uttered these beautiful words: ‘God be merciful to us and bless us, and send the light of his countenance upon us, and give us peace, both now and evermore:’ to which we added our hearty ‘Amen.’ He spoke kindly to the servants, and bid them farewell. Then he called each of his children by name, kissed and blessed us, and spoke



much of 'the comfort the scene had afforded him; the satisfaction of seeing us around him; and receiving the Holy Supper from a dear son. He was now ready to depart: the sooner he was released, if it pleased God, the better.' His freedom from anything like dread of death was astonishing.

"Friday morning, 16th. We had prayers in my father's room. He entered into them fully, giving his hearty 'Amen and Amen.' He was taken out of bed, was apparently rather better, and talked a good deal. He slept from three till nine (usually he was very restless), when he took some tea, and then he wished for prayers again, saying, after the fatigue of moving him, 'Now let me be quiet for five minutes, and then I shall be able, I hope, to unite fervently.' When I had been doing something for him, he kissed me, and said, 'God bless you, and thank you.' When Henry had been moving him, he said, 'Remember Anchises.' Henry said, 'These bodily uneasinesses will only serve to render the rest of heaven more delightful.' 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'the nearer I approach to my last hour, the delight seems not to be conceived.' His constant restlessness, at length, this night, terminated in sleep. Henry and I sat up with him till three. He said, 'Henry, can't you read me a few sentences?'—and he read some psalms until he was composed, happily, to sleep.

"Saturday, 17th. About one o'clock, we all assembled to prayers in his room; he had asked for them twice before, but all of us were not ready, and he dropped to sleep. I asked him how he felt. He said, 'I have had a good deal to struggle with this morning,—against weakness, against distaste for all nourishment, and other

trying feelings; but if I can but get to the right place at last, all this will not signify.' Then he added, 'I am quite ready, my dears, to unite with you;' and during Henry's prayers, he often shewed the spirit and truth with which he entered into them. He always, though inarticulately, repeated the Lord's Prayer; and then he closed all in an affecting manner, by deliberately pronouncing, 'The Lord bless us, and keep us; the Lord make His face to shine upon us; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon us, and give us peace, and in the end eternal life. Amen.' He then spoke a little to Henry on the calmness and peace he enjoyed, and on 'the comfort of having,' as he pleased to express it, '*such* a family around him. It cannot but fill me with great gratitude; sure never man had such comforts in this world.' Prayers again in the evening; and he said, 'May God grant that such prayers, offered in such a manner, may have their effect upon my soul!' Our dear father said to-night, 'I hope I am growing weaker; but it is very gradual.'

"Sunday, 18th. He appeared weaker, both in spirit and body. I sat up with my dear father. I had been some time administering to his little wants, and he thanked me once or twice. At length, he said, 'What a plague I am to you, my dear,—an old man, that is not worth twopence; the sooner 'tis over, the better.' I replied, 'We must patiently wait the Almighty's will; we count nothing a trouble for so valued a parent; but human aid is of little avail.' 'Oh, no; the true comfort is in a firm reliance on my suffering Saviour. I must endeavour to bear it; and what, indeed, are my pains, compared to those intense ones of my dear Saviour!

Oh, dear, they are nothing. I only fear they are too little. And now God bless you, my dear.' 'I hoped he felt disposed for sleep.' 'Yes, I hope so; but, at least, to meditate in quiet.'

"Tuesday morning, 20th. We had prayers in my father's room. This was his delight. He afterwards devoutly said, 'May the Lord enable me to bear with patience all He lays upon me; and when my time of dismissal arrives, to say, Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.' When moved on to the sofa, to have his bed made, he sweetly slept, and in a dream exclaimed, 'Oh, how beautiful!'

"May 22nd and 23rd he appeared better.

"Friday night, the 24th, about twelve, he had a harassing fit of coughing and phlegm, and was quite exhausted, but slept from two o'clock the chief part of the night, and scarcely awoke till eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, when we all came around him, seeing him especially feeble. We were just going to family prayers below, but did not feel disposed to leave him, as he seemed to be drawing near his last hour. When Henry looked at him, I think he uttered, 'mercy; and though he could but feebly speak, he united in prayer, and was perfectly conscious of all that passed. He attempted to join in the Lord's Prayer, and was evidently fervent in holy aspirations. When Henry had concluded, my father uttered some words about 'peace.' Henry said, 'I hope, my dear father, you experience this peace.' He said, 'I hope so;' then, after a little, he with difficulty pronounced 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,' &c., and twice repeated 'be with us *all*,' with a particular emphasis

on the last word. He also requested all our prayers. Henry said he was sure we were all praying for him in our hearts; to which he replied, 'I hope so.' I was left alone with him for a short time; he said, 'Where are all the rest?' They all came; and our dear Henry, who was a great blessing to him, spoke much to him. He said he 'saw us faintly, but he comprehended all we said.' When asked if he gave us all his blessing: 'I do most heartily; and the same to my dear absent son, George.' To the two little Henrys, standing by his bed, he held up his hand in token that he blessed them. My little Henry went away in a flood of tears, and locked himself in my room. Henry prayed again with and for our dear parent, who comforted us, and deeply touched us, by the calm, sweet hope which he expressed. His only confidence was in Jesus. He said many times, 'I trust to be saved only through the infinite merits of Christ Jesus my Lord.' Something he said, 'with all my heart, for Jesus' sake,' I could not make out. In answer to a prayer, in which our dear mother was mentioned, he murmured, when almost past utterance, 'Amen;' and then said, 'I trust to meet her in heaven to part no more.' Henry said, 'No pain, I hope?' 'No; I thank God.' 'Nor fear?'—'I hope not.' And then again he expressed his firm hope and trust *alone* in a gracious Saviour. About half-past six, Henry addressed some passages of Scripture to him, which, for the first time, he appeared not to notice. Henry said, 'I hope I do not trouble you;' he said indistinctly, 'No.' Henry said, 'Do you hear me?'—he made a motion that he did. Henry then said, 'I, for my own part, feel uncommonly thankful to God, my merciful God, for having brought me home to behold my dear father once again; and above all,



to witness this calm and tranquil scene.' Here our dear parent made an effort to speak, but in vain; and we then thought it our duty not to say anything more to him, lest it should disturb his evidently departing spirit. With his left hand under his cheek, he seemed as if tranquilly going to rest in sleep. Henry (who was a sweet ministering comforter) said, 'Going to sleep in Jesus; and we hope, to wake to a joyful resurrection.' We echoed our prayers, and our dear father's eyes were lifted up to heaven in supplication. A melting scene! He now ceased to speak or to notice us; his breathing became more short, and his pulse scarcely perceptible. His appearance reminded us of the startled, convulsive sleep of a sick infant. He continued thus till near a quarter before three on the morning of Whitsunday, when he breathed his last, surrounded only by five of his children, Sophia Leeves being included. Dear George was absent in America. Two of those left have since been called away: William,—honest William,—on the 15th of July, 1840, and beloved and blessed Henry Daniel, on May 8th, 1845, who had so tenderly smoothed an earthly father's dying pillow. May we that remain be *ready* when our Lord shall call!

"M. E.

"London, Sept., 1846."

## A FEW EXTRACTS

*From the Notes of MR. LEEVES' youngest DAUGHTER, during  
his last illness. 1828.*

"April 2. When humming a bar of 'On stillness, emblem meet of death,' one of his late compositions, he said, 'In the night watches I sing it over to myself very comfortably.'—'With your own ideas of expression!' He smiled, and said, 'No performer ever satisfied me.' He asked before for Handel's 'Holy! Holy!'—in all his illness a solace; I sang it as well as I could, and heard him from his room exclaim, 'Delightful!' He was in a state of tranquil thankfulness, saying, 'It is hard to complain of the cook, when I have lost both taste and appetite.'

"5th. After arranging him for the night, he said, 'If it please the Almighty to call me now, I am as much prepared to meet my God now, as five years hence.' He spoke of the clerical profession, and said 'it would be a great cut-up for his family, who must leave their home.' I said 'it was a delightful profession, worth taking 'for better for worse;' I had spent a very happy life here.'

"6th. William and I sang at his desire, 'What is life?' He joined in, and seemed cheered, and said, 'Very good—delightful!' I told him he 'seemed refreshed as a flower after a shower.'

"7th. Miss T. saw him raising his hand and beating time in his sleep, as he dozed on the sofa.

"8th. He said, 'Thank God, I passed a very comfortable night. My great friend, just now, is sleep. Ah! do go and enjoy yourself.' I replied, 'I always enjoy myself.'

"8th. Mr. P. read part of the 'Visitation for the Sick.' After William had given the blessing, he observed to the servants, 'So live together here on earth, so as to obtain *everlasting life*,—if we can all do that!'

"12th. I asked if 'he felt any pain?' He said, 'No; wonderful, merciful dispensation!' When turning round upon his side to go to sleep, surprised at his weakness, he looked up to heaven, and said, 'I trust I am going to rejoin my dear partner in peace and happiness.' I observed, 'You look very like my mother.' 'Ah,' he replied, '*I hope I shall be like her*, and enjoy the perfection of harmony together!' I continued, 'And have your taste for music gratified.' He replied, 'Ah, mine has been a *taste* indeed!'

"15th. Mr. P. asked him if 'he suffered much pain?' He replied, 'Pain!—pain, with such an amiable family around me, vying with each other to make me comfortable!'

"24th. His pulse was feeble; I sent for Henry: we all surrounded his bed, and went to prayers with him. Though scarcely able to speak, he perfectly entered into what was going on, lifting up his eyes at different parts, and saying, 'Amen—A-men.' Afterwards, his lips moved in prayer, and he was able to articulate, 'Forgive, —Jesus Christ,—through Jesus Christ.' 'Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ—love of God—fellowship of the Holy Ghost—be with us all—be with us all!' Henry asked him if 'he felt pain?' He replied, 'Thank

God, no pain;—weakness—debility;—but resi—resig—nation to the—will of—God!’ I held his hand, my fingers rested on his pulse—it beat feebly, then stopped; beat again once more—again stopped: a few more beats,—then ceased for ever!

“A FAMILY OF LOVE.

“E. LEEVES.”

## EXTRACT FROM A SERMON

*Preached at the Ambassador's Chapel at Constantinople, by the REV. H. D. LEEVES, after hearing of the decease of his Mother. 1826.*

PSALM xxiii. 1, 2, 3, 4.

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“‘The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning.’ (Eccles. vii. 2, 3, 4). Influenced by such thoughts, and in the hope that the contemplation of such a subject may be neither useless nor uninteresting to you, permit me to lay before you some details of the last hours of one, who through life was a most affectionate and faithful wife, the tenderest of mothers, and, without any pretension, a truly benevolent, active, and pious Christian; and who has left, in the closing scene of her days, a memorial of resigned patience under suffering, of affectionate interest for her family and all around, of love towards her fellow-creatures,



and of humble yet joyful hope in her God and Saviour, which has drawn the sting from the grief her family cannot but feel at her loss, and left to us all the truest, the most delightful consolation.

“For several years past, her life had been one of much suffering, and the bodily anguish she endured in the termination of her fatal illness was extreme. Long familiarised to the view of death, her great anxiety was to depart, and to behold, face to face, that Saviour in whom she trusted; yet she constantly checked all impatient desires of release. On the Friday night before her death, says one of my family, waking up to a sense of her sorrowful state, she implored mercy of her Redeemer, and fervently entreated to be released from her sufferings, which she exclaimed were dreadful; but immediately checking herself, and looking sweetly composed, she said, ‘But I bow with low submission, with *low submission*. Thy will be done, O Lord.’ She desired one of her dearest friends to be told ‘that she prayed not so much for relief from her sufferings, as for patience under them;’ and on one of these occasions of anguish she said, ‘But not one pain too much for the greatness of the reward,’—and looking upward she smiled radiantly twice, with a brightened eye, as if she really caught a glimpse of the termination of those ‘short afflictions, which should work out an eternal weight of glory.’ ‘I hope,’ she said to those around her, ‘I hope you will look upon me with satisfaction when I am dead,—happy, I trust, and free from pain, through the merits of my Saviour, my *beautiful* Saviour; His face, *His* face to cheer me.’

“That tender affection for her husband and children, which formed at all times a distinguishing feature of her

character, shone bright and strong to the last. When washing her hands in preparation for the sacrament, she looked on her wedding-ring, and said, with a bright smile, 'It has not been a chain to me!'—and 'I shall never forget,' says my afflicted father, 'the tone and look with which she said, 'Not know *him*!' when asked, at my approach, if she knew who it was; nor the playful manner in which she drew her ring from her finger, and placed it on mine, saying, 'now she would marry me, as I had done her so many years ago.' 'You will not be surprised,' he adds, 'at my resolve, that this shall go with me to the grave, which I am now erecting for us both in my own chancel.'

"Her affectionate expressions concerning her absent children, whom not to see before she quitted this world was among her greatest trials, I shall not venture to repeat. But it has been my consolation to know that, as this tender mother got a nearer view of the heavenly world, her painful longings after them appeared to subside, and she seemed satisfied that we should meet and know each other in a future state.

"To all her attendants she repeatedly expressed her gratitude for their anxious attentions to her, giving them salutary advice, and hoping that the situation they now saw her in, as a dying woman, would be of service to them!

"Her religion seemed to show itself in love to all her fellow-creatures; and to her purified mind, the beauties of nature still retained all their charm. One of her children said to her, 'I think you seem to love all mankind, my dear mother.' 'I do,' she replied; 'and pray tell all those who enquire about me, that I am much obliged to them, and wish them well.' She often had the sash of

her window open to look into the garden. One morning she heard the children playing in the fields; she smiled, and said, 'Some more of my fellow-creatures.' She was delighted with the singing of the birds. 'I observed to her,' said the same individual, 'that it put me in mind of one of our morning prayers, which begun, 'The birds of the air salute the rising sun with their cheerful voices; much more should we return Thee our unfeigned acknowledgments.' 'Ah!' she said, 'I like to hear about prayer; let me hear *more* about it, let my mind be filled with such sweet subjects.' And here let me observe that prayer was indeed her great delight and resource; that by which her sufferings were lightened, by which she soared above this earth, and obtained a foretaste of those heavenly joys, for which God was, through painful, though wise trials, preparing her.

"In ease and in health, my brethren,—in the tumult of worldly pleasures or worldly cares, poor and unsatisfying as they are,—we too much neglect this necessary duty, this high privilege of prayer; but the time must come when we shall all fly to it as our resource: and should we not fear, lest, if we now neglect our God, He may then in our hour of need not hear us? But I will no longer dwell on this subject, except to express my confident hope, my assured belief, that God *did* hear *her* prayers; and that, having been purified and perfected through sufferings,—sufferings which were not testimonies of God's anger, but of His mercy; for 'whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth,'—she, in breathing her last sigh in this world, entered into those joys which, seen by the eye of faith, had cheered her bed of sickness, and made death appear a messenger of peace.

“And now, my brethren, I entreat you to pardon me, should any of you think that I have too rudely drawn aside the veil of the chamber of death, or lightly betrayed the sanctity of domestic sorrow and consolation. I seem myself to have found my excuse in the belief, that I have set before you no unamiable picture of the influence of true religion on those hours to which we must all come, and in the persuasion I feel that the death-bed of the Christian is the best lesson to the human heart.

“It has been a custom among barbarous nations to sacrifice human victims at the funeral pile of deceased parents or honoured friends. I would desire a nobler and a worthier sacrifice for the spirit of her who gave me birth, and who may perhaps, in her liberated and happy state, still know what passes here below. I would desire that my own heart, and the hearts of all that hear me, might bow more completely in obedience to that God and Saviour in whom she trusted, that we may all earnestly seek and abundantly partake of those heavenly consolations which she enjoyed, and which, like a fountain of living waters, are open to all; whilst Christ exclaims to us, ‘Ho! everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat: yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.’ (Isaiah lv. 1, 2, 3.)”



# L I N E S

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM LEEVES.

*(A few, written by his friends, have their names attached).*

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TO A LADY PLAYING THE VIOLIN.

(MISS WATHEN, afterwards MRS. LEEVES.)

Whene'er you touch the trembling string,  
Whose unison you sweetly sound,  
The notes involuntary ring,  
And *sounds* the power of *sense* confound.

So may our hearts, my gentle maid,  
In sympathetic tones unite ;  
Should *yours* in pleasure's lap be laid,  
May *mine*, responsive, feel delight !

Or should affliction's storm descend,  
 And nip you with its cruel blast,  
 May I, your shelter and your friend,  
 Protect and aid you to the last.

May kindred melodies conspire  
 To sweeten the duet of life,  
 And banish far discordant ire,  
 The parent and the food of strife.

## THE HAPPY TRIO.

MRS. LEEVES (Anna, or Anne), daughter of DR. WATHEN, was celebrated for her skilful performance upon the violin. MRS. ECKERSALL, her sister, had a remarkably fine voice, and the REV. W. LEEVES played the violoncello with skill. The following lines were sent to DR. WATHEN upon the occasion of this Trio departing from London for Guildford.

The lines were found among MR. LEEVES' MS. papers, in a letter directed to DR. WATHEN, without signature.

What gone, sweet harmonists ! Then Taste, adieu !  
 No more those pleasing airs shall charm the ear :  
 Fair Katherine's warble,—graceful Anna's bow,  
 Which tuned to harmony the soul : no more  
 The enraptured multitude shall scale the walls  
 To catch, from thy sweet lips, one note divine !  
 Lament, harmonic Vento !—Sosser, weep !—  
 And tuneful Hayes, deplore your honors fled !  
 Unrivall'd now, Miss Sermen, draw your bow,  
 And Kistorini, venture to come forth  
 And charm the sense, nor dread a rival song !



Thrice happy Guildford! didst thou know the bliss  
 That soon awaits thee! Rosin all the bows  
 That can within thy spacious walls be found;  
 Your fiddle-strings prepare, of Roman gut;  
 Your grumbling basses, hautboys, pipes, and tabors;  
 And march, with jocund step, to meet  
 The Happy Trio!

## SONG.

Found among the REV. W. LEEVES' MS. papers (without signature).

Ye powers, who taught my artless sighs  
 A kindred heart to gain,  
 Teach me that blessing still to prize,  
 And as I prize, maintain.  
 Let kind attention, pleasing care,  
 O'er all my thoughts preside;  
 Let love in every glance appear,  
 And every action guide.

If e'er a cloud of peevish spleen  
 Our brighter hours o'er cast,  
 Let fancy quickly shift the scene  
 To fond endearments past.  
 O'er every joy our breasts have felt,  
 Let faithful memory rove;  
 And teach the hard'ning heart to melt  
 With recollected love.

Thus every flower that form'd the wreath  
 Of Hymen's festive chain,  
 Uninjured fragrance still shall breathe,  
 And every charm retain.  
 Thus, while our hearts delighted prove  
 Our envied bliss secure,  
 We'll boast the joys of wedded love  
 As permanent as pure.

## ON THE DEATH OF "PRINCE."

(The Dog).

1815.

Princes too often fill the world with tears,  
 But then, 'tis by exciting anxious fears;  
 The Prince *we've* lost ne'er forged oppression's chain,  
 To follow others seemed *his* greatest gain.

By most regretted, and by all admired,  
 Such *private* grief few Princes have inspired;  
 For seldom can the page of history trace  
 Domestic feelings for a *Royal* race.

## THE FLOWERS.

Translation from the French (without signature).

With each expanding flower we find  
 Some pleasing sentiment combined:  
*Love* in the myrtle bloom is seen,  
*Remembrance* to the violet clings;

*Peace* brightens in the olive's green,  
*Hope* from the half-closed iris springs;  
 And *victory* on the laurel glows,  
 And *woman* blushes in the rose!

## TO MISS VALPY.

(Daughter of the celebrated Grammarian and Scholar, DR. VALPY.)

1815.

Of all the pies you can behold,  
 Of fruit or meat, or hot or cold,  
 Molland herself has never sold  
 One equal to a—Val-py.

The outward crust so soft and fair,  
 The inward fruit so sweet and rare;  
 There's none on earth can sure compare  
 Their pastry with a—Val-py.

Or if you wish a season'd treat,  
 To render your repast complete,  
 There learning's bone affords the meat,  
 When pick'd out of a—Val-py.

Greece has no sauce of greater fame,  
 The Attic salt no more you'll name;  
 Of this be cautious, how you aim,  
 E'er to *eat up* a—Val-py.

## TO THE MISSES WYLDE.

(One of whom married a Son of DR. VALPY.)

1815.

Though the raspberry and currant of each tart the zest is,  
Yet the lovers of nature think *Wylde* fruit the best is.

## ON MR. HENRY LEEVES

(Afterwards the REV. HENRY LEEVES), by MRS. TORIANO,  
Weston-super-Mare.

*Dirt*, and the youth I sing, whose matchless art,  
Without the aid of wheelbarrow or cart,  
Could sand remove, or neatly cover mire;  
Could turf o'er stones, and trim the twig and briar;  
Banish the hardships of a tedious lane,  
And make each rugged footstep smooth and plain;  
How shall the grateful Muse, in numbers meet,  
Extol the work so useful, so complete?  
Not Hercules himself, defying danger,  
More skilfully cleansed stable, rack, and manger;  
For what were all the filth of hoof and horn,  
To stain of blackberry, or scratch of thorn?  
Then loud, O youth, thy praises shall resound,  
Whilst ladies of their dress be careful found;  
Whilst each a cap, pelisse, and bonnet wears,  
Whilst lace and riband hitch, and muslin tears;  
Whilst curls grow straight, exposed to evening dew,  
And shoes and stockings can be wetted through;

Whilst Weston's sea shall boast the rising wave,  
 And Anchor-head invite the fair to lave ;  
 Whilst foaming kettles boil, and rocks shall sigh,  
 And kelp and seaweed in confusion lie ;  
 Whilst, *Leeves*, thy cottage\* shall adorn the scene,—  
 All taste without, all harmony within.

## ON THE DEATH OF TWO GRANDCHILDREN.

(Children of MRS. E.)

1815.

Be still, ye common griefs ! to this give way,—  
 Two lovely children lost in one sad day !  
 The first, parental aid scarce lays to rest,  
 Another falls ! Nor judge e'en this behest  
 A lot too hard : behold their angels rise  
 On wings of innocence, and flit the skies !  
 Think on a change so blest, and wipe your streaming eyes.

## ON THE DEATH OF A THIRD GRANDCHILD

(Soon after the preceding.)

That bell again “flings to the hollow gale  
 Its sullen sound,”—another child to wail !

\* The cottage here referred to, which MR. LEEVES built, was the first gentleman's house in Weston. A section of it still remains at the end of the Esplanade, and goes by the name of “*Leeves' Cottage*.”

The first,—while pleasing recollection plays  
 O'er each remembrance of her winning ways,—  
 To undermine sweet resignation's base essays.

This fresh avulsion calls for all our tears :  
 A rip'ning intellect, with rip'ning years,  
 Seems to elicit every fond regard,—  
 Of temporal fame to promise the reward,—  
 And thus from dark regret the mind refuse to guard.

But hear the voice of heaven ; short-sighted man  
 In vain his real good attempts to scan.  
 Look to the early profligate, whose way  
 Embitters each parental night and day ;  
 The trifling idler,—desultory wight,—  
 Whose self-applause creates his chief delight,  
 Who follows fashion's shade till vice obscures his sight.

How canst thou tell, with all thy fost'ring care,  
 But some seducer might thine empire share ?  
 The world's a system full of dang'rous flaws,  
 Both Scylla and Charybdis ope their jaws,—  
 'Tis hard to trace its paths, yet keep God's righteous laws.

Ye loving Parents, hush your tender cries,  
 Behold your angels floating in the skies !  
 Of this you may be certain and secure.  
 For this, who would not any loss endure,  
 And selfish thoughts resign, to make their bliss so sure ?



ON FIRST HEARING *MISS STEPHENS*

(Afterwards COUNTESS OF ESSEX)

SING "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

Oh! when I hear thee sing of "Jamie far away,"  
 "Of faither and of mither," and of "Auld Robin Gray,"  
 I listen till I think it is Jeany's self I hear,  
 "And I look in thy face,"\* with a blessing and a tear.

I look in thy face, for my heart it is not cold,  
 Though winter's frost is stealing on, and I am growing old;  
 Those tones I shall remember as long as here I live,  
 And the blessing and the tear shall be the thanks I give.

The tear it is for summers that so blithesome have been,  
 For the flowers that all are faded, and "the days that I  
     have seen;"

The *blessing* is for thee, lassie: mayst thou still rejoice,  
 Though tenderness is on thy look, and pity in thy voice.

The blessing is for thee, whose song, so sadly sweet,  
 Recalls the music of "Lang Syne" to which my heart has  
     beat;

Oh! may the days that shine to thee still happiness prolong,  
 And every sorrow of the heart be ended with thy song!

Found among the REV. W. LEEVES' MSS. (without signature.)

\* "She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break."

This line MISS STEPHENS gives with exquisite pathos.

"Such is national prejudice, that many well-informed Scotch people contend that this exquisite Melody is originally Scotch, though the author is yet living and well-known,—the REV. WILLIAM LEEVES, Rector of Wrington, in Somersetshire."—*Derby Mercury*, April, 1823.

# “AULD ROBIN GRAY”

## SUPPLEMENTED.

By LADY E. LINDSEY (afterwards COUNTESS of HARDWICKE, MS.)

The spring it was past, it was summer nae mair,  
 And thinly were scatter'd the leaves in the air;  
 “Oh winter,” says Jeany, “we kindly agree,  
 ‘For the sun he looks *wae* when he shines upon me.”  
 Nae longer she *grat*, for her tears were a’ spent,  
 Despair it was come, and she thought it content;  
 She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,  
 And she droop’d like the snow-drop cut down by the hail.

Her mither was vex’d, and her faither was wae,  
 “What ails you, my bairn?” they would oftentimes say;  
 “Your wheel you turn round, and you come little speed,  
 ‘Your hand it grows feeble, and weak is your tread.”  
 She smiled when she heard them, to banish their fear,  
 But sad looks the smile that is seen through a tear;  
 And bitter the tear which is forced by a love  
 Which reason and honour can never approve.

Her faither was vexed, and her mither was wae,  
 But dowie and silent sat Auld Robin Gray;  
 He spake not a word, but his cheek it grew lean,  
 Like the side of a brae where the torrent had been.  
 Nae question he ask’d her concerning her health,  
 He look’d at her often, and aye! ’twas by stealth;  
 Then his heart it grew full, and often he feign’d  
 To gang to the door to see if it rain’d.

Then he took to his bed, nae physic he sought,  
 He order'd his neighbours a' round to be brought ;  
 While Jeany supported his head in its place,  
 His tears trickled down, and fell on his face.

"Oh, kill me not, Jeany," said Auld Robin Gray,  
 "I have not deserved this, I've something to say :  
 'I knew not, dear Jeany, I knew not your vow,  
 'In mercy forgive me,—'twas *I* stole the cow !

"I valued not Crummie, I thought but of thee,  
 'I thought it was *her* stood between you and me;  
 'While *she* fed your parents, ah ! *did nae ye say*,  
 'Ye never *wad* marry *that Auld Robin Gray!*"

## ON A DAUGHTER BECOMING BLIND.

Lines written by MR. WILLIAMS (a friend of the REV. W. LEEVES)  
 on seeing the last flower of his Daughter's painting, after she had  
 become blind.

Here, hapless maid ! here end thy playful pains,  
 Nature hath shut the book,—thy task is done ;  
 Of all her various charms, what now remains ?—  
 To smell the violet, and feel the sun.

In liberal toil thy youthful hands did grow,  
 Quick moving at thy better sense's call ;  
 That better sense is gone !—their task is now  
 To twist the yarn, or grope the friendly wall.

Oh fate severe!—earth's lesson early taught,  
 That all is vain save virtue, love, and truth;  
 We own it, all that through life's day have wrought,  
 But thou hast learnt it in the morn of youth.

Pupil of heaven thou art!—compute thy gain,  
 When dulness loads thee, or regret assails;  
 All is not lost, for Faith and Hope remain,  
 And gentle Charity, which never fails.

How love shall glow where envy might have burn'd!—  
 Now every hand and every eye is thine;  
 Each human form, each object undiscern'd,  
 From borrow'd organs thou shall still divine.

But thy great Maker's own transcendent light,  
 His love ineffable, His ways of old,  
 His perfect wisdom, and His presence bright,  
 'Thine eyes, and not another's, shall behold.'

## ON THE MARRIAGE OF A NIECE.

Lines written by MISS MARIANNE WATHEN on the marriage of MISS HARRIET ECKERSALL\* with MR. MALTHUS, the celebrated writer on "Population."

'Twas at the op'ning of the vernal year,  
 When violets and primroses appear,  
 And from her bounteous lap Spring lavish throws  
 Each lovely flower that wept 'neath Winter's snows;

\* The Ladies here mentioned were both Nieces of the  
 REV. W. LEEVES.

When morning purpled in the glowing east,  
 And Sol with radiance all the meadows drest,  
 Forth from his rosy bower in the grove,  
 With hasty step advanced the god of love :  
 “ Awake ! my little troop of smiling loves,  
 ‘ Prepare my car, put to my fleetest doves ;  
 ‘ We’re bidden to the marriage of a pair  
 ‘ Who long have been my most peculiar care :  
 ‘ Ere burning noon assumes his sultry pride,  
 ‘ We must away to meet the charming bride.”  
 He spoke, and graceful waved his little hand,  
 The doves obey the imperial Boy’s command,  
 Who thus resumes,—“ Yes, ’tis well worth our while  
 ‘ To gladden this fair wedding with a smile ;  
 ‘ Endow’d with sense, with truth, with polish’d air,  
 ‘ And with a manly heart to guard the fair,  
 ‘ The youth,—no flutt’ring coxcomb of the day,  
 ‘ Who laughs at mine and Hymen’s gentle sway.  
 ‘ The maid,—unlike the light coquettish dame  
 ‘ Of fashion, who disclaims all but the name  
 ‘ Of wife,—is soft and gentle as the dove,  
 ‘ The pride of virtue and the pride of love.  
 ‘ Sweet temper fills her breast, illumines her eye,  
 ‘ And on her lip hangs fair sincerity ;  
 ‘ Health’s vernal tints her modest cheeks adorn  
 ‘ With all the beauty of the blushing morn.  
 ‘ For such as these, my torch burns bright and pure,  
 ‘ And shall to life’s last hour so endure.  
 ‘ Yes,” cried the god, “ each year shall, on its wing,  
 ‘ Unfading and substantial pleasures bring ;  
 ‘ And when, at length, Age sheds his silvery snows  
 ‘ Upon their heads, and when no longer glows



' Their frame with smiling youth's ethereal fire,  
 ' Yet in their hearts my flame shall not expire :  
 ' Bless'd in each other's virtues, then well-tried,  
 ' Each other's dearest blessing, comfort, pride,  
 ' They shall remain ; and when their course is run,  
 ' And set in death is life's once-glorious sun,  
 ' Hand locked in hand, they both shall wing their way  
 ' To blissful regions of eternal day ! "

## ON ATTAINING THE FULL AGE OF MAN.

70 ætat. June 11th, 1819.

Hail, awful season ! when the book of God  
 Declares the term of human life to close ;  
 When all its relishes are said to end,  
 And the dark mountains open to our view.  
 This morn completes th' important term ; but where,  
 Where are those indications of decay  
 Which numbers feel ?—where is that waste of body,  
 Or, what is worse, that infancy of mind,  
 So frightful at the close of earthly days ?

I thank my God, through Jesus Christ our Lord,  
 That it hath pleased him to prolong my course,  
 And to protect me from those ills in age  
 Which some have to lament in early youth.  
 Health, mod'rate strength, an even tranquil mind,  
 Domestic happiness in full extent,  
 But that my second self re-stricken lies.



(May piety suggest it for the best :  
 Submission will enhance the sacrifice,  
 And calmly bow to the Divine behest,  
 Whate'er it be a kind Creator wills :  
 Her sharpest sting affliction points in vain,  
 When endless joys approach so near to view).

Such is my favour'd portion,—an employ  
 That kings, in ancient times, have aim'd to grace,  
 And for its work's sake claims to be esteem'd ;—  
 Such is the bounty of our great Preserver !

That all my good be not exhausted here,  
 And evil things in future life succeed,  
 May heav'nly grace assist me to discharge  
 Those duties which a righteous God demands ;  
 Or may His mercy pardon the omission  
 Through the atonement of His blessed Son !

[*On an attack of Illness two days later.*]

Sunday, June 13.

Awful event ! that nature's right so soon  
 Should be exerted. Though th' attack be slight  
 Which heav'nly mercy sends, still 'tis enough  
 To teach the vain fragility of man,  
 And that we know not what a day may bring.  
 To be prepared, whene'er our Lord shall call,  
 Affords the only harbinger of peace.  
 Religion with her calm, resign'd delights,  
 Though the peculiar food of elder life,  
 In ev'ry stage will nourish and support,  
 And point the peaceful path to endless bliss.

## THE SIGHING ROCK.

1821.

At Weston-super-Mare, some distance up the hill, there is a ledge of craggy Rocks. From a small hole in one of them, the air issuing produces a sound like *tremendous sighs* ! Near here, through a circular perpendicular passage in a rock, the sea rushes up, and boils over in foaming spray. The writer supposes the Sighing Rock, with “o’erflowing briny tears,” to be a Youth turned into stone.

The following verses refer to these Rocks, which MR. LEEVES called “The Sighing Rock and the Boiling Kettle.”

On Somerset’s delightsome coast,  
 Where Bristol’s Channel flows,  
 Nature a ledge of rocks can boast,  
 Which scarce a rival knows.  
 Here once a fated youth repair’d,  
 His doleful tale to sigh ;  
 The precipice he wildly dared,  
 Nor deem’d his end so nigh.

When thus the Genius of the shore  
 Address’d the mournful youth :—  
 “Thy pains are ended ; thou no more  
 Shalt urge thy slighted truth.  
 In pity of thy plaintive moan,  
 Thy painful pangs and throes,  
 That wasted form shall turn to stone,  
 Which pain nor torment knows.

The village swains resorting here,  
 These rugged cliffs to dare,  
 Deep hollow sighs shall fill with fear,  
 Lest they, too, brave the fair.  
 Thy briny tears shall bubbling rise,  
 In rocky cavern pent,  
 An emblem of o'erflowing eyes  
 For time in love misspent.

May youthful lovers warning take  
 From this disastrous tale,  
 Lest their own misery they make  
 When lost engagements fail!  
 Let nymphs beware!—a stony heart  
 May swains to stone transform;  
 And swains act well the lover's part,  
 Such frigid hearts to warm.

BY S. I. A.

On giving a Crown at a Bazaar, at Wrington, for a Pair of  
 Garters knit by MRS. HANNAH MORE.

About 1822.

A Royal Garter is a prize  
 Which even kings are proud to own;  
 But made by one so kind and wise,  
 This pair is more than worth a *crown*.

## THE BURTHEN OF BRIGHTON DONKEYS.

About 1810. Found among the MSS. (without signature).

The Donkeys at Brighton are alternately employed by *belles* and *smugglers*:—They carry *angels* by day, and *spirits* by night.

## IMPROMPTU.

By the REV. J. WHARTON, on several Ladies being given as Toasts, all of whose names began with the letter B.

How strange, we cry, of fortune the decree,  
That all our favorites should begin with B!  
But soon is solved this paradox of ours,  
The *Bee* lights always on the sweetest flowers!

## HYMN.

Father of Lights, Almighty Lord!  
Thy praise we chant with one accord;  
Like incense let our hymn ascend  
To Thee, our Saviour, Guide, and Friend.

Let not distraction's cloud opaque  
Our frail addresses sinful make;  
But let the brightness of Thy face  
Cheer ev'ry heart, fill ev'ry space.

Bless'd breezes then our bark shall guide,  
 Joy sitting by religion's side ;  
 And, humble Prayer (be thou but near),  
 Shall to celestial havens steer.

By Thee protected, we shall sail  
 Through troubled seas with prosp'rous gale ;  
 The pilot, Hope, direct our way,  
 And stem the wave of cold delay.

## ON PSALM XC.

1822.

O God, Thou wast in power sublime,  
 Before the mortal birth of time ;  
 Ere earth her flow'ry lap had spread,  
 Or mountains rear'd their tow'ring head.  
 At thy displeasure lordly man  
 Contracts his being to a span ;  
 Closes his transitory day  
 And passes like a dream away.

At morn he glows with healthy bloom,  
 At evening drops into the tomb ;  
 As fades, upon the river's side,  
 The verdant meadow's grassy pride.  
 Oh! then, ere youth be pass'd away,  
 Prepare us for the mortal day ;  
 Our minds with heav'nly grace supply,  
 And fit us every hour to die.

## WHITSUNDAY.

Found in the REV. W. LEEVES' hand-writing (without signature).

April 30th, 1822.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly guest,  
And fill with light my darken'd breast;  
A sense of sacred truth inspire,  
My languid bosom touch with fire;  
And make me, when in prayer I kneel,  
To glow with apostolic zeal.

Come, Holy Spirit, and expel  
The foe that drives me to rebel;  
The tumults of temptation still,  
O'ermaster my presumptuous will;  
And shew me, by thy secret aid,  
The paths of duty easy made.

Come, Holy Spirit, calm within  
The wild inquietude of sin;  
And to my heart,—my alter'd heart,—  
Thy peace and heavenly love impart;  
And when from sin and sorrow free,  
Make it a temple worthy Thee.

Come, Holy Spirit, here below,  
Thy sanctifying grace bestow;  
Guide me through life, and when I die,  
And in the grave forgotten lie,  
Again Thy mighty power display,  
And raise me at the judgment-day.

*Wrington.*



ON HIS 77<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY.

June 11th, 1825.

God of my life! what praise is due  
 To Thee who, true in all Thy ways,  
 Still deign'st my being to renew  
 Beyond the bourn of mortal days!

Mindful of every past event  
 Which, thro' Thy grace, has mark'd my way,  
 May I contemplate these as sent,  
 In mercy, from the God of day!

Few, I believe, can calmly view  
 A retrospect so free from pain ;  
 Domestic comfort, more than due,  
 Has aim'd its blessings to maintain.

Let those who sweetly now conspire  
 To smooth my earthly pillow's down,  
 Accept the grateful, fond desire,  
 That happiness their path may crown.

Precarious is the worn-out thread  
 Which, ere 'tis cut, is apt to fail ;  
 May I, till number'd with the dead,  
 In bark of perseverance sail.

May I and mine acceptance find  
 With God, for a Redeemer's sake ;  
 And true to Him, in heart and mind,  
 A blest society partake!

*Rectory, Wrington.*

ON HIS 78<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY.

1826.

[*“ On entering my 78th year,” original heading.*]

Transcendent Ruler of our ways,  
 Thy mercy has prolong'd my days  
 Beyond the short and fragile span  
 Thou hast allotted here to man.  
 Since *this*, seven years have roll'd away,  
 Yet on this earth I longer stay,  
 Blest with a share of health and power,  
 Demanding praise at every hour.  
 Bereft, indeed, of her whose love  
 (A prudent wife is from above),  
 Whose sweet affection fills a heart,  
 From which it never can depart ;  
 Whose fond remembrance shall endure,  
 Till hope a heavenly seat ensure.  
 Blest also with deserving ties,  
 From whence the seeds of love arise,  
 A son,\* whose honest nature flows,  
 And kindly sheds on all he knows :—  
 Another † who, in foreign lands,  
 Puts forth God's Word with pious hands :—  
 Another ‡ who, on distant shores,  
 With grief affection's bar deplores :—  
 A daughter || who, as wife and mother,  
 Can scarce be match'd with such another ;

\* His eldest son, William.

† His second son, Henry.

‡ His third son, George.

|| His eldest daughter, Marianne.

Whose charity to all extends,  
 And ranks the wretched as her friends :—  
 Another\* who, beyond all praise,  
 Now forms the comfort of my days ;  
 Whose care can every wish prevent,  
 And, mother-like, ensure content.  
 From such delightful ties may I detach my heart,  
 Lord ! that Thy servant may in peace depart.

*Rectory, Wrington.*

## ON HIS 78<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY.

1826.

[*“Thoughts on the Evening of a Natal Day,” original heading.*]

Threescore and eighteen birthdays have gone by,  
 My glass is quite run out, yet here am I !  
 I’ve lived to witness the expiring breath  
 Of her whose lot was bound with mine till death ;  
 Whose virtues blest me in this frail abode,  
 And now have wafted her to rest with God.  
 May *He* permit her spirit to descend  
 A guardian angel to her widow’d friend !  
 And guide to heaven a family she loved,  
 Who, copying *her*, affectionate have proved ;  
 Who, whether scions on the parent tree,  
 Or grafted in some distant clime they be,  
 The dews of heav’n are anxious to receive,

\* His youngest daughter, Elizabeth.

And nature's sad defect, through grace, retrieve.  
*One* branch I fondly hoped, e'er this, t' have seen,  
 But in his place is sent his *heroine Queen*,\*  
 Who, Charity herself, by love, intends  
 For duty's sacred call to make amends,  
 And with her budding offspring to supply  
 The vacuum of a Son who stands so high.  
 But let us bow to the Divine behest,  
 Convinced that heaven's decrees are ever best;  
 And if to extend God's Word divides us *now*,  
 What joys will heav'nly intercourse bestow,  
 Should faith and resignation smooth the way,  
 And join us in the blaze of endless day!  
 May all my earthly days, like osiers, bend  
 To the soft breezes which my soul befriend;  
 And as the dew revives the fading flow'rs,  
 May heav'nly influence cheer my fleeting hours:  
 So cheer them, that all dread of death may cease,  
 And I may say, when call'd, "Lord, I depart in peace."

## REMINISCENCES.

The following lines were written by the REV. W. LEEVES  
 at the age of 78, in 1826, the year of MRS. LEEVES' death, and  
 referring to their Marriage.

Could sluggish memory require  
 To call to mind th' extinguish'd fire,  
 Illumed by one whose gifts might vie  
 With any Wife beneath the sky,

\* MRS. H. LEEVES returned alone from Turkey, with three children.

The house in view a tale would tell  
 Which forty years cannot dispel.  
*There* \* 'twas decreed, through friendly aid,  
 That Hymen's padlock should pervade  
 Two hearts where sympathy prevail'd,  
 And since in blissful bark have sail'd.  
 Regret might now elicit tears,  
 But consolation's charm appears,  
 And proves an end so calm, and so resign'd,  
 Should *raise*, and *not depress*, the feeling mind;  
 Should prompt to imitation here below,  
 That *endless* union from that source may flow.  
 And when the sweet attentions I survey,  
 With which affection's child † bestrews my way;  
 When all th' endearments to my view arise,  
 Which absent love so readily supplies;  
 No change can *here* be wished,—the total sum  
 Is peace and pardon in a world to come.

\* Written in sight of a house where a Happy Marriage had formerly been concluded.

† His daughter, Miss E. LEEVES, who lived with him till his death.

## NOTE AFTER A SONNET

*Addressed to the late LADY ANNE BARNARD (née LINDSAY) on her Ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," by JOHN TAYLOR, Esq., in the Sun Newspaper of Sept. 3, 1825.*

"As there have been several reports respecting the music to which this interesting ballad has been sung, it is proper to state that Lady Anne Barnard (née Lindsay) informed the author of the above lines (John Taylor, Esq.) that she wrote it to accord with an old Scotch air, the words of which she did not then know; but hearing the words some time after, she found them so different from what she expected, that she regretted having adapted her ballad to that air. The music to which the ballad has hitherto been sung, and which is so much admired, was certainly composed by the Rev. Mr. Leeves."

## ON CONSTANCY.

Found among the MSS. in MRS. LEEVES' handwriting (without signature).

When kindred hearts together join,  
 And like the oak and ivy twine,  
     How blest the happy pair!—  
 But should the oak receive a wound,  
 Is not the tendril ivy found  
     To feel an equal share?  
 Such hearts as these in union ever glow,  
 And, twining, tremble at or joy or woe."



## THE LAST HOURS OF MRS. LEEVES,

*Wife of the REV. W. LEEVES, Rector of Wrington, in  
Notes by her eldest Daughter (MRS. ELSDALE).*

“On Monday evening, the 6th of February, 1826, at a quarter before six, I received a most unexpected summons to attend the dying bed of my dear mother. I was enabled to leave at half-past seven the same evening, agitated in spirit, but deriving comfort from my interesting fellow-travellers (two Friends), also going on an errand of sorrow. By coach and chaise, I at length reached, on Tuesday evening, the ever-loved Rectory; but on entering the great gates, all seemed to speak the solemn scene within.

“I did not see my dear mother for above an hour after I arrived (which was at half-past ten). Her condition was very distressing. For sometime I stood by her, sorrowfully beholding her suffering state, before she saw me; her first salutation was, ‘May God Almighty bless your filial haste, my sweet child!’ Her words were warm with affection and gratitude to us all. I continued near her during the night; she spoke little, and happily dozed much.

“Wednesday, Feb. 8th. From midday, after great suffering, my dear parent seemed to be declining. She told us with evident satisfaction, that she felt weaker; her desire to depart was most fervent and astonishing. Had she not possessed a humble yet *assured* hope of bliss, she *could* not have thus smiled at the prospect of death.

Though her pains of body were, as her doctor said, such as he had *never* seen surpassed, yet the general bent of her mind was decidedly not to escape from these, but longings to be for ever with her 'beautiful Saviour.' At night, as I leant over her pillow, her countenance brightened, and she exclaimed, 'How shall I mount up?—how *will* it be, the separation of the soul from the body?' I said, 'My dear mother, we are not allowed the vision and understanding of these things here; 'now, we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.' 'Oh,' she replied, '*then* how lovely! Oh! for a brighter foretaste of bliss! Tell dear sweet Mrs. Nutcombe that I did not pray so much for a release from my sufferings, as for patience under them.'

"We had prayers round her bed this morning, which were deeply affecting to my father, and to us all; her enjoyment and animation of soul were truly delightful to witness. The same day, when a text was repeated to her, her looks were most happy, and she said, 'Oh! that is best; speak as much of these things as possible. My beautiful God, I long to be with Him.' Some words she spoke to me about eleven o'clock this night, were also highly indicative of a happy and blessed state. She was clearly alive to every bodily and mental feeling; her sufferings seemed bitter, and I wished to be satisfied whether they proceeded *entirely* from the body. I said, 'Your *bodily* distresses are very trying, I hope earnestly your *mind* is at peace?' 'Oh, my dear,' she replied, 'I *think* I have no painful feelings about my God, my *merciful* God;' and looking anxiously in my face, said, 'do you think I have?' I replied, 'I had the best hope she had not; for in her intervals of ease more especially, I had

rejoiced in her animated longings after the presence of her Saviour.' She was pleased, saying, 'I'm glad you think so.' 'But, my dear mother, the best and happiest, in their heavenly prospects, have dark moments.' 'Oh,' she replied, 'but I call not this a dark moment; I long for my God, *all* the flesh!' Her bright countenance showed, I think, the soul's peace more delightfully than her words.

"About this time, she called her dear son William to her, and spoke most affectionately to him, commending his father to his especial attention. The exertion was too much for her, and caused a paroxysm of pain, which was heart-rending to witness. For many minutes she suffered intensely; but, blessed be God, it was soon assuaged, and did not return, and she experienced rest for nearly three hours; stillness and peace prevailed, and our hearts were lightened in our sorrows when we contemplated the heavenly-mindedness of our suffering parent.

"Thursday morning, the 9th. My dear mother had an interesting conversation with me about my dear sister. Never shall I forget the beautiful brightness of her countenance, and the eagerness with which she took my hand, and drew me close to her, whilst she spoke of a daughter so deservedly dear to her. During the morning she was tolerably easy, and enjoyed a sweet sleep for two hours. Upon awaking, she looked around, and called for my father and sister. I was near her; she kissed us all, and said, 'I am weaker; you wont have me with you long. I have had a *bright vision*; and though I do not *deserve* heaven, yet I hope to get there.' Her countenance during this most affecting, but sweetly consoling confession, expressed unutterable things, and an unearthly radiance

seemed to beam upon her features. My father remarked, 'Nobody deserved heaven, but that it was far better as a favor.' 'Oh,' she replied, with a look most expressive of united joy and humility, 'what a wonderful gift; how far more than I deserve!'

"Her distress of body between the intervals of dozing was very great. In one of these times of trial, she exclaimed, but not with impatience, 'What is death, that I *cannot* pass out of this life?' (Oh! what a sufferer! and what wrestling in prayer, and striving for patience!) Love and kindness, and thoughtfulness for all around her, marked her words and conduct throughout this bitter trial; her 'merciful God and Saviour' being often called upon in her distress.

"After sleeping, she often gazed around in disappointment to find herself still in this vale of sorrow, and not yet with her dear Lord. 'Is it possible I can be yet here!' she would frequently exclaim.

"About four in the morning she seemed to be sinking, and said without dismay, 'The cold hand of death is upon me.' A paroxysm of suffering ensued; after which, she looked at me with calmness, saying, 'Put your hand on my pain, and let me sleep in Jesus.' From eleven o'clock, she slept sweetly for three hours. Her medical attendant told us he thought she could not last till morning, and might be gone in an hour, so we watched our dear charge with trembling solicitude.

"Friday, 10th. At four o'clock, on Friday morning, the whole family assembled around her apparently dying bed. It was a solemn scene, but still a delightful one; the little she spoke was the language of warning, of submission, and of love. She was perfectly conscious of all that



passed around her, and noticed all who came to see her. Till about eight o'clock in the evening she remained in a deep and death-like slumber, when she awoke, and blessed God for His great love and mercy towards her, and earnestly expressed her desire to depart to be with her Saviour.

“At this time, an interesting scene took place between my dear father and mother, which was overpowering to both, and to all present. My father, with looks of sorrowing love and tenderness, requested that the wedding ring, which had for forty years united them so faithfully and happily, should be transferred to *his* finger, where he declared his resolution it should remain in life and in death. My dear mother instantly complied, looking very sweetly and even playfully, as she placed the ring on my father's finger, saying, ‘You have married me, now I will marry you.’ This passing revival of our dear parent appeared to us wonderful.

“During the morning, at intervals, my dear mother was tolerably easy; and in one of these gracious seasons, she much enjoyed the sweet fresh air. It was a lovely day; she desired her window to be thrown open, washed her head and face, and sat up in bed some time, and seemed much refreshed. I said, ‘The sight of your pretty garden does not make you long to get back to it again?’ ‘Oh, no!’ she exclaimed, with a happy smile of inexpressible brightness. I ventured to suggest that the *delay* of her departure *might* be necessary for the trial of her patience. She instantly acceded to the idea, and seemed afterwards more in prayer for this divine grace. She would sometimes exclaim, ‘Not one pain too much,—all mercy!’ During the night she dozed

repeatedly, and once, on awaking to her suffering state, she implored with uplifted hands her Saviour to have pity on her, and receive her to Himself. 'My sufferings are dreadful!' she exclaimed; but checking herself, she sweetly said, with a look of composure, 'I bow with *low* submission, with *low* submission; Thy will be done, O Lord.' This was a solemn, but blessed moment; and from that time my beloved mother evinced increasing resignation to whatever appeared to be the will of God concerning her.

"I was up during the chief part of the night with my mother, at intervals reading some portions of Scripture to her, and having prayers together. Such exercises were, as she could bear them, always delightful to her; and she was always grateful to us for embracing any favorable opportunity for that purpose. At times, when ministering to her necessities, she would call me her 'universal comforter;' and I often experienced how much 'better is the house of mourning than the house of feasting.'

"Saturday, the 11th. Pain, sad pain; again reviving. But let us trust our God that 'all is mercy' with our dear sufferer. She was gently placed upon the couch, and we sat by her in turns, reading from the Olney Hymns the 57th, 1st book, beginning, 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.' She enjoyed it truly, and said with warmth, 'Reserve that for my departing spirit.'

"About twelve o'clock in the night, after joining most fervently in prayer and praise, and entreating never to be denied the sweet comfort it afforded, I took her some tea. 'Oh!' she said, 'if I could drink this, and go to my gracious Father: but such a delight is too much to expect.' 'But, my dear mother, you *do* look forward to the joys of



heaven; you *are* filled with a bright expectation?’ ‘Oh! that I am!’ she exclaimed, with a radiant smile,—‘songs, hymns of praise, harps, psalteries, lutes, dulcimers, and choruses of delight!—oh! too much for such an unworthy creature, the sudden rush of joy which bursts upon the departing spirit!’ I said, ‘I think this affliction has been sanctified and blessed to you, my dear mother; you used to be timid in respect to the assurance of hope.’ ‘Oh, but I am not now; I *fear* not, but *humbly* hope. Tomorrow is sweet Sunday, my dear child; and if I *should* then, on that loved morning, meet with such bliss! I cannot but feel a hope it may be so.’ Soon after this, she seemed to be in delightful thought, her countenance bright and peaceful; and presently I could hear her, in a low voice, saying, ‘We wait, and wait, from day to day, and at last the joy comes!’

“Sunday, the 12th. The sweet Sabbath she looked forward to arrived; and blessed be the God of mercy, it was a day of calm and consolation to us all. Our beloved parent was much easier, insomuch that my sister and I took it in turns to attend divine service. When I returned in the morning, I found her asleep. She had been in a peculiarly happy and animated frame of mind; and when she heard the Psalm for the morning was the 84th, she immediately began singing it, and went through the first verse with a firm and strong voice, and would have proceeded, had my sister suffered her. It was one of her favorite psalms,—one that she had often sung with us all in sweet harmony.

“In this afflicting state of things our dear father (though mercifully supported) was relieved of his ministerial duties by his kind and pious young friend, Mr. Valpy,

who, at my mother's request, visited her after the church service. He spoke and prayed sweetly with her, and she begged he would soon come again. She was all humility, and spoke of her own sufferings as less than she deserved, and as *nothing* compared with the complex agonies of her beloved Saviour. Her great fear was that she should appear impatient, and in her moments of pain express herself in an unsubmissive manner.

"Monday, the 13th. After a night of much merciful relief, our dear sufferer awoke in dreadful agonies, and prayed fervently for ease and patience. She soon after fell into a beautiful sleep. I watched long by her bedside, and felt myself powerfully supported; I experienced, by the mercy of God, that 'profitable is the season of mourning.'

"About three o'clock, my dear father and sister were with me anxiously watching her, believing that she was passing peacefully out of this life; but again she awoke, and beaming with love and kindness, she called us all by name, saying sweetly, 'How kind you are to me! Oh! it is too much, far more than an unworthy creature deserves.' We were deeply affected: the sudden transition from the stillness and solemnity of apparently approaching death, to the bright kindling eye of love, and the words of grateful affection, was unspeakably touching; a moment never to be forgotten. I said, 'My dear mother, we thought we should never have had the happiness of speaking with you again here below.' Her countenance was radiant, and she smiled and replied, 'I did not know I was still in this world.' Her sweet composure bespoke happiness and peace, and she said, 'I think I feel no pain.' The evening was a lovely one; we opened

the window, and supporting our dear parent, she enjoyed the fresh air, and said, 'Now let me enjoy the beautiful works of my God *once more!*'—and this was the last time she did ever behold them on earth. She was much refreshed, but immediately again wished for quiet and rest, saying, as she fell back upon her pillow, 'Let me enjoy myself;' suggesting the thought that she might, in these tranquil periods, be favoured with nearer views of that blessed world she was so ardently panting after. But it is not for us to lift the veil *here*; we 'live by faith, and not by sight.'

"During the evening, our dear parent dozed chiefly. Mr. James (her medical attendant) saw her about nine o'clock. He thought her countenance much altered, and her speech not so clear; but every faculty was alive. He expressed a hope that she might have a more comfortable night. She looked upwards, and said, 'Heaven, heaven!' adding, 'but I do not expect that;' meaning, that she scarcely dared hope to be so blessed *that* night. But I rejoined, 'Perhaps, dear mother, Mr. James does not understand you quite; I am sure you humbly expect heaven?' 'To be sure I do, my child;' and looking expressively at Mr. James, added, 'you do not think me such an infidel!' He assured her that he perfectly understood her, and took leave of her for the last time. It was a blessed night, to see her free from all pain, and calmly awaiting her Lord's call. My father read to her a hymn he had just composed ('The True Christian's Death.') She lent her attention with looks of affectionate interest, her languid eye bespeaking pleasure; but it was only the last line that seemed to strike her forcibly, and this she repeated over and over again with ardour. She then ex-

pressed a wish for prayer; but appearing spent, and inclined to doze, we thought it better to encourage quiet.

"About twelve o'clock, another sad attack of pain came on, and I was aroused from my sleep in the adjoining room by afflicting cries from our dear sufferer of 'torture! torture!' By the mercy of God, her bitter pains were at length allayed, and about two o'clock on Tuesday morning she fell into a sweet sleep. It was an anxious day, as we were expecting every hour the last solemn change.

"At half-past nine in the evening, I had just left my mother's room, but was quickly recalled by her altered breathing: it was evident that the last struggle was at hand. We sent for our dear father, and all fell on our knees to commend the dear departing spirit into the hands of Him who gave it. . . . I listened for her breathing; but all was hushed! The soul was no longer an inhabitant of the body, but had fled into the presence of her Saviour.

"After the first impulses of grief had subsided, her sorrowing partner and his children together knelt down and lifted up their hearts to God in consoling and assuring hope of a sweet reunion before the throne of grace.

"February 14th, 1826."

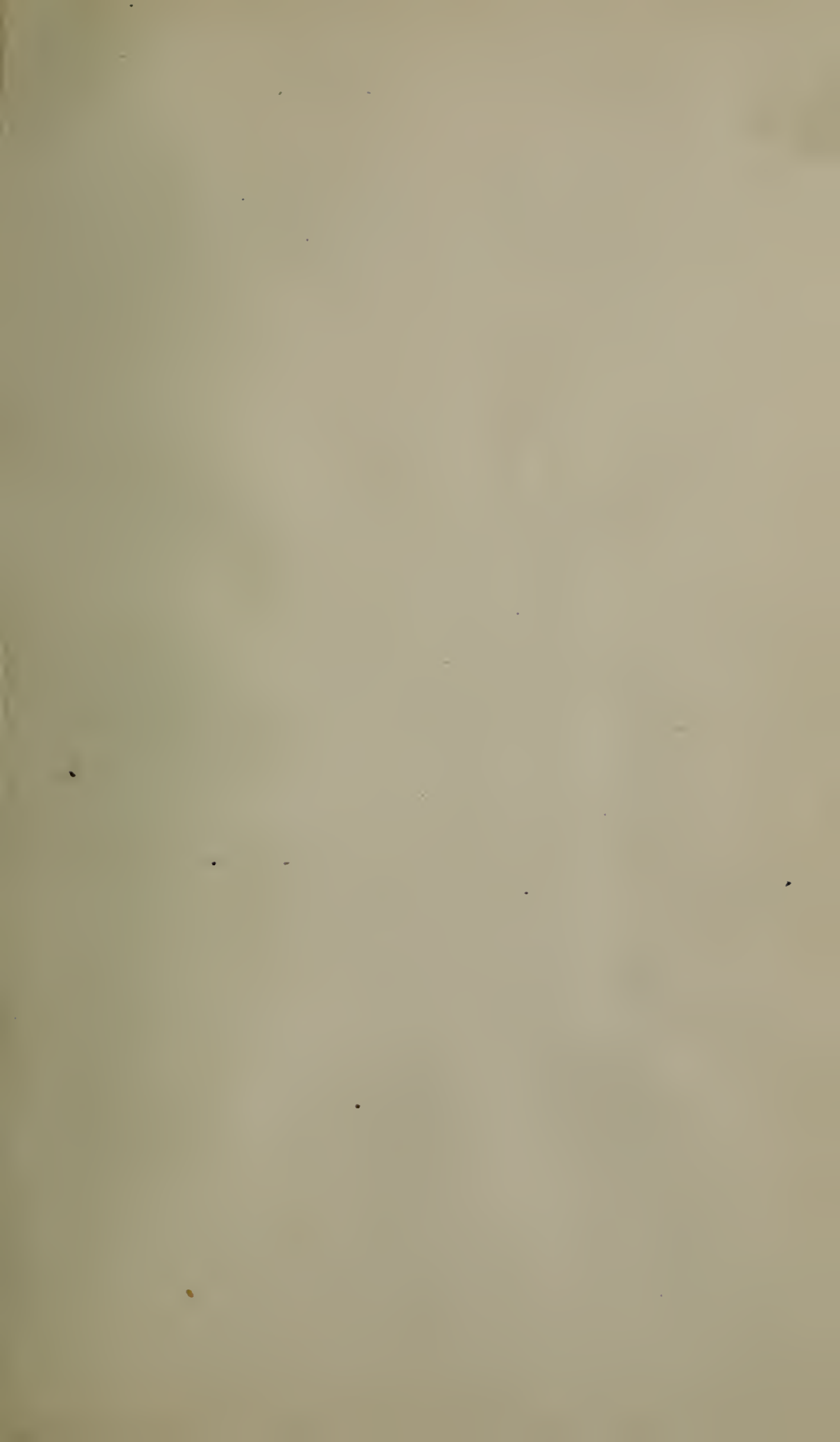






A FEW  
BRIEF INCIDENTS  
IN THE LIFE OF THE  
REV. H. D. LEEVES.







THE REV. H. D. LEEVES, B.D., OXFORD,  
*Chaplain to the Embassy, Athens.*

*Del. E. LEEVES. 1840.*



## ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. H. D. LEEVES.

*From THE TIMES, 1845.*

“THE LATE REV. HENRY D. LEEVES.—We are much grieved to record the decease, at Beirout, on the 8th ult., of the Rev. Henry D. Leeves, Chaplain to the British Embassy, and minister of the English Episcopal Church at Athens, and for upwards of twenty-five years the zealous and valuable agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, first at Constantinople, and afterwards at Athens, previously to which he was for three years chaplain to the Factory at Madeira. He may in truth be said to have exiled himself from his native land for the Gospel’s sake. The translation of the New Testament into the modern Greek language, and now in use throughout the Greek territory, was accomplished under his immediate superintendence; and mainly through his instrumentality and exertions the requisite funds were raised for the completion of the new church at Athens, which was

consecrated in the early part of the last year by the Bishop of Gibraltar. Mr. H. D. Leeves was a man of most unaffected and exemplary piety, and in all the relations of life combined in a remarkable degree the meekness and gentleness of the true Christian with great fervency of spirit. His firmness and decision of character, in implicit reliance on his Saviour's purchased gifts, sustained him through many arduous and trying scenes in the difficult position he filled, from which men, equally well-intentioned and of greater physical strength, might almost excusably have shrunk. Every concern of the present life was by him kept in due subordination, and made subservient to the all-important concerns of eternity, and in his presence was always felt that salutary influence which the sincere and consistently practical Christian never fails to impart. His death was the peaceful and happy departure which a life of faith almost invariably ensures. In the spring of the present year, he set out upon a long-projected visit to the Holy Land, and had proceeded as far as Mount Carmel, where an attack of rheumatism and ague obliged him to stay for three weeks in the Latin convent on the Mount. Finding himself become much weaker, he returned to Beirout for the benefit of medical advice, and there closed his earthly career. Until the day before his death, no immediate danger had been apprehended; but on being then unexpectedly apprised that all hope was over, the intelligence excited no alarm; he meekly said, 'I could have wished to live a few years longer, not for myself, for I have long served my Saviour, however imperfectly, but for my dear wife and children; but God's will be done. I am ready to depart, for I know it is far better, though to remain



were more needful for them.' An unbroken calm and composure of mind continued to the last; and one who was a privileged witness of this Christian's death, has stated that those about him could read in the beautiful smile with which he regarded them, how happy the departing spirit was in anticipation of the rest to which it was fleeing.

"J. J."

## OBITUARY FROM A GREEK PAPER,

*No. 46 of the Xpovos ("Times"), Athens, 1845.*

"The Rev. Henry Daniel Leeves, priest of the English Church, agent in Greece of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and known for a whole generation to the Greek nation, among whom he had been long settled, departed this life in the Lord, on the 27th of April (old style), at Beirout, in Syria, aged fifty-six, having left the most beloved partner, four daughters, and his first-born son, aged twenty-three.

"When the Rev. H. D. Leeves resided in Constantinople,—where he made the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the vernacular tongue, from the version of the Septuagint, with the consent of the great Church of Christ, through its wise men, Hilarion, Bardalochus, the Holy Sinaite, and others,—the Greek insurrection broke out; and in those fearful days, when the sword of iniquity was drunk with Christian blood, this celebrated man

offered his house as an asylum to many families, and many he saved from the most imminent danger of death. After some time, he removed to Corfu, afterwards to Syra, and lastly to Athens, where he resided for ten years.

“He exhibited so Christian a conversation, that his house, like that of Abraham, was the refuge of the poor and naked. He was in manner cheerful, and easy of address, so that all revered him; by all was he beloved, by all was he honoured. Always bent on the amelioration and advancement of the nation in which he had resolved to spend the days of his sojourn on earth, he contributed generously, both by word and deed, to the establishment of institutions for the public advantage. There was no charitable society in Greece of which this celebrated man was not a member; there was no establishment of national benefit for which he was not an active labourer. In particular, having become, in the latter period of his life, the proprietor of two estates in Eubœa, he considered it his first duty to form the morals of his villagers (or peasants); and with this view he founded schools, which he maintained at his own expense, supplying them with everything that was necessary, both books and stationery. There is scarcely a district in Greece from which this memorable man has not received letters of thanks for having munificently supplied books to their schools (through the Bible Society). During the whole period of his residence in Greece, he distributed above 100,000 copies of the whole or part of the Holy Scriptures. At last, desiring to salute the holy places where the great mystery of man’s salvation was completed, he travelled with one of his daughters, through Smyrna, Rhodes, and Cyprus, to Beirout, where, being attacked by rheumatism

and fever, after a month's sojourn, he paid the debt of nature, giving up his perishable body to the earth out of which it had been taken, and his immortal soul into the hands of his Maker, far away from his family, his relatives, and his friends.

“If it be every man's duty to reverence and honour the memory of worthy and virtuous citizens, much more is it the duty of all Greeks to cherish affectionately and perpetually the memory of the Rev. Henry Daniel Leeves. Accept, then, O ever-to-be-remembered man, as a tithe of thy immeasurable goodness to the Greeks, the affection of one Greek, offered to thee with tears, from the depth of the soul of one of thy most beloved friends, for fourteen years conversing with thee, and always admiring thy virtues. Everlasting be thy memory, revered Henry Daniel Leeves! May the Lord give thee rest in the land of the just!”

*Trans. by A. M. E.*

June 1st, 1845.

(Found among MISS LEEVES' MS. papers.)

## EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER

*From the* REV. H. D. LEEVES.

“Athens, June 8th, 1843.

“My dear Niece Anna,

“I know you will be glad to have a line from your old uncle, short soever as it may be, and particularly on his birthday, on which he has completed fifty-four years in this lower world; and although he has had his share, at times, of uneasiness or suffering, yet his judgment is that he is, on the whole, a very happy man, and surrounded with abundant reasons for thankfulness. The present season has been a remarkably successful one, full of prosperity and enjoyment. The main point, the centre of all, has been our own dear little church, which, thank God, was consecrated under the most delightful auspices, and has been since going forward happily and peacefully. It has been, and is, a manifest bond of union, and I promise to ourselves and our community much spiritual good, from bringing out into prominence all the parts of the system of the English Church. I am now, *ipso facto*, Rector of St. Paul's, Athens, though I have no regular appointment from the Government, which, as my friend Henry Addington is Under Secretary of State, and as the situation is, and is likely to be for some time to come, an honorary one, they may perhaps give me; and I like it the better on that account, as long as I have enough

without it. This is the first *benefice* I ever had, except my Chaplaincy at Madeira. . . . Such is the benefit of a Bishop, and of order in a Church. . . . Our season, however, is nearly over, and in about another fortnight we leave for Castan. . . . I was at Chalcis last week, and completed the purchase of the Ancient Artemisium for G. W. The village is of immense extent, twice, it is said, that of Castan, and has large fine forests, and is very healthy. . . . I wish your health were better, and hope the summer will refresh you. . . . Aunt Bessy appears to be enjoying herself much in her old cot. . . .

"I enclose you a letter from your Aunt, which will tell you all the news; so I have nothing more left to say, but to give you my blessing, and sign myself, as ever,

"Your affectionate Uncle,

"H. D. LEEVES."

## THE LAST LETTER

*Of the REV. H. D. LEEVES in the "Correspondence of the British and Foreign Bible Society."*

"Athens, February 20, 1845.

"I enclose you herewith a statement of the issues of our Dépôt during the past year. They amount to 8932 copies, exceeding, by above a thousand, those of last year, although falling short of those of the two or three years preceding. Of these, 7754 volumes are in the Greek



language; 1078 in the Greco-Turkish; and 100 in other languages; and of the Greek Scriptures, 3385 volumes are of the New Testament, and 4369 of the Old Testament, in whole or in part. No journey of distribution has this year been performed, the political circumstances of the country not giving encouragement to it; but our books have been chiefly sought for in the metropolis, by persons, many of them of consideration, who have desired them for the several provinces to which they belong. By these means they have been sent into the provinces of Attica, Thebes, Acarnania, Doris, Lacedæmon, Maina, Calavrita, Andrizzena, Triphylia, Caritena, Tripolitza, Navarino, Chalcis, and other parts, and have passed through the hands of Governors, Demarchs, Members of the Chamber, Officers, Schoolmasters, and others, and have been devoted to the use of Schools and of private families. Let me extract some few particulars of the mode of their distribution from the notes which now lie before me. To the care of three Schoolmasters in the province of Lacedæmon were entrusted 339 copies; for three Schools in Maina were devoted 175 copies; to the Schoolmaster of Tinos, who was formerly in the service of the Rev. Mr. Hartley during his tour and residence in Greece, 12 Ancient-Greek Testaments for his higher class; to the Demarch of Corinth, a Member of the Chamber of Deputies, were given 228 copies for the Schools of Corinth and the surrounding villages; to the Demarch of Clitoria, in the province of Calavrita, for Schools, 88 copies; to the Demarch of Plataea, for the same purpose, 125 copies; to one of the Members for Corinth, for the Commune of Sicyon, 92 copies; to the Member for Andrizzena, now appointed Governor of a province, for the



Schools of Andrizzena and for private distribution, 265 copies; to the Master of the Public School of Selinse, in Calavrita, 140 copies; to that of Selinuntium, in Lacedæmon, 60 copies; to a Deputy for Tryphylia, who has chief influence among the inhabitants of the district of Condovouni, the most warlike of that part of the Peloponnesus, 58 copies; a second donation to the same, 25 copies; to the nephew of a Deputy for Tripolitza, for different friends in that city, 38 copies; to the nephew of a Member of the Senate, the Demarch of an extensive Commune in Acarnania, for the Schools of that district, 438 copies; to the son of a Senator, for his friends in Tripolitza, 25 copies; to a gentleman who has married the daughter of the celebrated Chief Caraiskaki, for distribution among his friends in his native place, a town of Caritena containing 700 families, 86 copies; to the Mistress of the Girls' School at Chalcis, 178 copies. This may suffice to show the channels through which our books penetrate and are distributed through various parts of Greece.

The establishment of Mrs. Hill has, as usual, been supplied from our resources, and has received 200 Pentateuchs, 150 Gospels, 250 New Testaments, and 18 Old Testaments, during the year; and I have had the pleasure of sending to Mr. Hildner, at Syra, for his Schools, which continue steadily to flourish and to do good, 392 Greek Testaments. He might be able to furnish us with some interesting details of the advantage which has flowed from the continued supplies of the word of God to his Schools during a series of years; and I have requested him to send me some statement of the sort, which, when I receive, I will forward to you.

“Occasions also present themselves of sending our Books advantageously to places in the Turkish dominions, where a more bitter spirit of opposition prevails than in Greece. To a Greek of Asia Minor, returning to his native place, I entrusted 30 copies; to a student in the Gymnasium, from Naoussa in Thessaly, which during the Revolution, was sacked by the Turks, and numbers of its inhabitants slaughtered or sold into captivity, I gave 60 copies, to be sent to his friends for distribution; and I put into the hands of a Bulgarian physician, who had been studying in Athens, and was about to return to his country, 95 copies. I should not omit, also, to mention, that our old Correspondent, the Rev. Mr. Benton, received and put into circulation, before he finally left the island of Crete and returned to the United States, the considerable supply of 949 copies.”

## EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT

*Of the British and Foreign Bible Society. 1845.*

“Mr. Leeves having offered 4000 copies of the Modern Greek New Testament (the printing of which has been completed at Athens during the year) to the Government, for the use chiefly of the Public Schools of the kingdom, has been admitted to an interview with Mr. Coletti, the Prime Minister. He writes:—

“Upon my stating the matter to him, for which he had been prepared by the explanations of a common friend, he said he had no doubt that a translation prepared under the care of Professor Bambas and his

coadjutors was pure in style, and faithful to the original ; that the Government would readily accept the offer I made ; and he only begged me to bring the matter before him in a regular form, which I have just now done, putting at his disposition 4000 copies. He fully acknowledged the benefit we are conferring on Greece ; observing that he believed, as a country, she had a great destiny to fulfil, and that Athens was designed to be again the focus of light and knowledge to the surrounding nations of the East.

“The revision of the Modern Greek Bible has been finished by your Agent (Mr. Leeves) and his coadjutors, principally Professor Bambas, the Rector of the University. Mr. Leeves has written strongly to urge the printing of an edition at Athens itself, for which that city affords every facility. He further advises the addition of the marginal references. Your Committee have concurred in these views.

“The printing of the Judæo-Spanish New Testament has been completed at Athens : and the Bishop of Jerusalem has requested to have 100 copies.

“Mr. Leeves is now on a visit to Palestine.”

LETTER TO  
THE REV. R. ELSDALE, D.D.

*Referring to the* REV. H. D. LEEVES.

“Argos, Feb. 23rd, 1842.

“My dearest Father,

“Your last kind and comforting letter rejoiced me very much. To be assured of your continual love and prayers, is always equally sweet and grateful to my heart; and however often the tale is told, it seems always new; for we are such foolish forgetful creatures, that, unless we are continually put in remembrance, a shade falls over our best joys and feelings. How one loves to glance back at the sunny spots in one’s life, gladdened by pure affection, which burst out through all the clouds that obscure this darkened world, no longer living in the light of God’s countenance!

“It is only an *idea* that we cannot so well communicate at a distance of thousands of miles; for there is no distance to the soul. When I think of you, you seem to be as near to me as ever, and I represent everything that has happened in a perfect picture. How happy must the angels be, who can look back upon their whole existence without any self-reproach; for it is that which often mars

the pictures of our memory, and fills the regretful sigh.  
Yet there is a refuge ;

“ There is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.”

“ Oh ! that this were felt by the prisoners whom we saw yesterday in the Palamede of Nauplia, where uncle Henry wished to see again his old acquaintance, Bibisi, formerly a terrible brigand chief. A heavy door was unbarred ; we entered, and were locked in by the gendarme accompanying us. We found ourselves in a large court, open to the sky, with immensely high walls, in which were cells for the prisoners. Here were 15 men, stained with the blood of numbers, confined for life in chains ; seeing only the sky and the dense walls of their prison, the changes of their guards, and the visitors who come with curiosity or compassion to look upon their awful state, or to pour the balm of consolation into their seared hearts. Bibisi came forward, clanking a heavy chain, a square thick-set man of immense strength and lowering brow (the lower part of the face and the neck uncommonly large) ; yet he looked upon my uncle with love (as all do), while he gave him a New Testament, and spoke to him messages from the Gospel of peace. Aunt Bessy sketched him, and gave him the Psalms.

“ This was the way in which uncle Henry first saw him. One day, when my uncle and Mr. Acland were descending Hymettus, three savage-looking men came to them on a crag. After talking a little, my uncle and Mr. Acland thought it best to descend, and were quietly picking their way, when



Bibisi called after them, 'We are robbers, but you need not fear, we do not mean to do you any harm; we never do anybody any harm, we only want bread to eat.' He then enquired if there was any likelihood of pardon, if they were to give themselves up, and be willing to change their mode of life.' 'Oh,' said my uncle, 'if that is what you are thinking of, let us sit down and talk about it.' They sat on the crag; and Bibisi told them how tired he was of his present life, hunted like a wild beast upon the mountains, without bread enough to eat, and that from a soldier he had become a robber. Uncle Henry promised to meet them again the next day, to say what could be done for them. This he did, with Mr. Acland, Mr. Frere, and cousin Henry. The Government did not say that nothing would be done to Bibisi, if he gave himself up; but promised to deal as favorably with him as they could. To the others they offered pardon; these have since surrendered. Bibisi is deeply implicated, with the blood of 86 persons upon his hands. He has had many struggles with gendarmes who came to take him; as he said to my uncle, 'I would give myself up; but if they come to take me, it will not be without blood.' He was afterwards taken; and after two attempts to escape, is now consigned for life to the strong fortress of Nauplia.

"We were greatly fatigued in mounting this rocky and rapid ascent. The Polish Commandant and his Smyrniote wife received us most kindly in his melancholy kingdom, refreshed us in his nice house with coffee and music, and then conducted us over the place. First, through the dwellings of the prisoners for a term of years, employed in different trades,—shoemakers, tailors, weavers, &c.,—with German masters, manufacturing raiment for



the military. The last we saw, was the enclosure of the prisoners who go no more out; who have no hope for this world; and whose sunken eye, and hollow smile, tell of deeds one would not hear.

“The Commandant said he had been there four years; and that if he were once changed, he would never return. The view from the summit is grand, of the mountains, of Argos and Nauplia, and the rocky coast where Agamemnon was wrecked, when false lights were put out to delude him, on his return from the siege of Troy.

“No more room, my dear father, but to say that I am ever your loving child,

“A. M. E.”

## LETTER TO MRS. ELSDALE,

*On the Death of the* REV. H. D. LEEVES.

“Wrington, June 10, 1845.

“My dearest Mother,

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“We have the balm of consolation and regret flowing in upon us from every quarter, testifying to the precious jewel of heavenly faith which shone through his earthly life so steadily, and which indeed made him a light to shine in the world. I now feel it a great mercy to have been permitted to dwell so long with him, and to watch his light, so calm and tranquil. I always remarked that his very presence was a check to evil, and a silent in-

fluence to good; and this should be the mark of the Christian, whose eye is turned heavenwards, and no longer wears the impression of the base things of earth. In him I saw exemplified that integrity and reality of character, for which one often sighs in the muddy and troubled waters of this world, where souls are not clear to the touchstone of truth, and where the 'single eye' spoken of by our Saviour is so rare. I remember one day, when we went to the beautiful cemetery at Athens together, he said he thought he should lie there; but his resting place is at Beirout, on his way to Jerusalem.

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"Your affectionate child,

"A. M. E."

## EXTRACT OF A LETTER,

*From MISS OXENHAM, on the Death of the REV. H. D. LEEVES.*

"Far be it from us, however, to call in question such a providential dispensation; one, doubtless, sent in love to His faithful servant, who had indeed borne the burden and heat of many a weary day in his Lord's vineyard. Oh! how inexpressibly blessed must the rest of such a labourer be in the peaceful fields of Paradise, beside the still waters of everlasting comfort. How will he, who has been the instrument of turning so many to righteousness, shine like a star in the firmament above!

## PART OF A LETTER

*From the* REV. F. V. J. ARUNDELL, *on the Death of the*  
REV. H. D. LEEVES.

“Landulph Rectory, near Devonport,  
“July 4th, 1845.

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“I have indeed felt, and do feel most deeply, the loss of so dear a friend. Your uncle was so identified with my happiest days at Smyrna, and my days of trial also. I was so sure to find so much kindheartedness, so much consolation, such excellent advice, whenever I applied to him; and he was the only person I was in the habit of corresponding with, when my mind was at all oppressed; so that, though our intercourse, and even correspondence had ceased, or very nearly so, for eight years, the news of his departure from this world of separations, has recalled most vividly every event connected with our former friendship. I can truly say, I never had a friend not immediately connected with my own family, that I loved so much!

“But what a happy death!—how calm, how enviable! What a privilege, while his heart was set on seeing the earthly city, to have his eyes opened so sweetly on the glories of the holy city above! Oh! how I feel for his bereaved widow and family! Theirs is indeed the suffering, the agony; his, is all the gain!”



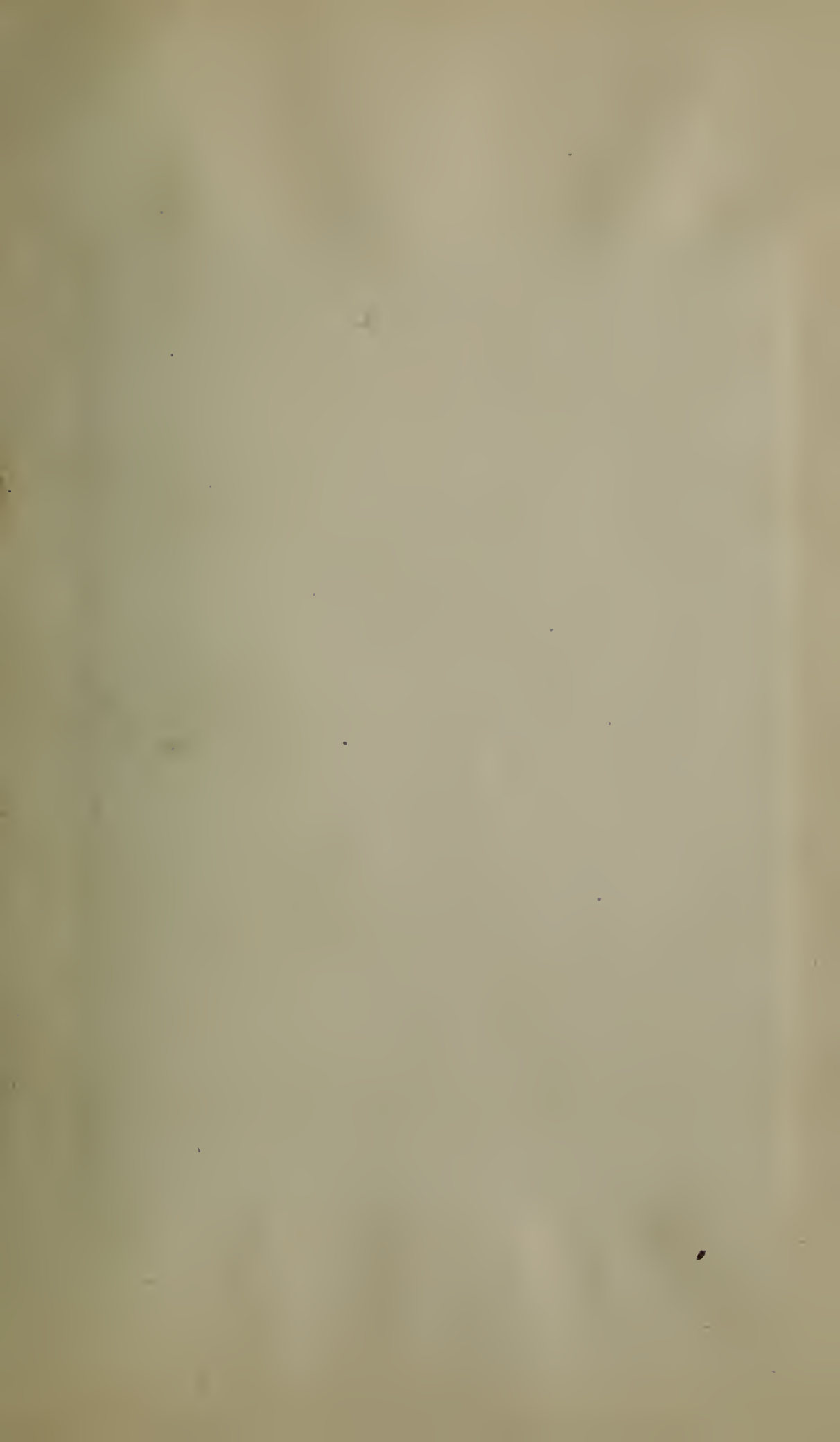
L I N E S

BY

MISS E. LEEVES.









WRINGTON RECTORY.



## MISS E. LEEVES.

The following lines were found among the papers of Miss E. Leeves, youngest daughter of the Rev. W. Leeves, and are inserted as forming a connecting link in the family chain.

Miss Leeves has left behind her many evidences of her remarkable musical and artistic gifts, as well as testimonies in the hearts of the poor and afflicted, who were her especial care ; and her life was spent in doing good.

Whilst on a visit to her native village, Wrington, in 1866, she died, after an illness of only two days, "in joy and peace in believing," anticipating the "sacred high eternal noon" to which she was approaching.

Her remains were interred with great respect amidst the resting-places of her revered ancestors; and her memory is precious to all who knew her.

Death, though sudden, did not find her unprepared; and how blessed must have been the quick transition to those heavenly joys, of which she had on earth so keen a foretaste! She once remarked, that "from her earliest childhood, she could not remember a time when she did not love the Lord."

## SUPPLEMENTAL STANZAS

TO

"SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES."

Oh! once more may I see her  
 A wreath unfading wear,  
 Renew'd in heav'nly beauty,  
 In robes of white appear,  
 And standing by her side that one  
 Whom she on earth loved best,  
 Free ever in that home of love  
 From sorrow and unrest.

Oh! may it be a deathless love ;  
 For how can mortals bear  
 To love but for a moment,  
 And part for ever *there* ?

\*

\*

\*

Oh! once again I saw her,  
 No bridal wreath she wore,—  
 'Twas cast before the throne of Him  
 Who all her sorrows bore.  
 Yes! once again I saw her,  
 (*Who* would not be above!)  
 With a voice of endless joy,  
 In a home of endless love.

She was changed, as in a moment,  
 In the twinkling of an eye,  
 To a never-fading creature,  
 Where no sorrow is, nor sigh.

## THE FACTORY.

*Written in DR. ELSDALE'S house opposite the Cathedral,  
 Manchester, 29th November, 1837.*

'Tis early dawn,—'tis ling'ring night,—  
 And th' church looks dim by th' pale lamp's light.—  
 Hark! hark! what sounds are gath'ring round  
 Of stirring footsteps' ceaseless sound;  
 Resounding all the pavement o'er,  
 Like distant waters' falling roar?  
 In endless flow they stream along,  
 A mass of life,—but a voiceless throng.  
 A sounding bell is the voice I hear;  
 Does it tell of death to my list'ning ear?—  
 It tells, it tells, of the death of life,  
 Of the weary child, and the pallid wife;  
 It tells, it tells, they have left their home,  
 And are on their way to their living tomb,—  
 The wither'd child, and the sickly wife,  
 And father, subdued with the toils of life,  
 At the factory door they are pouring in,  
 To the pond'rous engine's furious din;  
 Who, like a greedy monster pent,  
 Is raging with imprisonment;

His black breath blotting day's bright beams,  
 Boiling with passion; and he seems,  
 With quiv'ring fury, ceaseless roar,  
 And thundering beat, to cry, 'more! more!'

\*

\*

\*

'Tis morn again,—and weary feet  
 Are heard again on the pavèd street;  
 They press to the *Gates*, which open wide,  
 The child, the man, and the wife at his side.  
 The bell! the bell! is the voice I hear,  
 'Tis the voice of mercy,—the gate of prayer!  
 'Tis the voice of mercy,—they come! they come!  
 To hear of rest and a heavenly home;  
 'Tis the footstep of those who keep *holy* day,  
 When the publican goes to the temple to pray.  
 They bury their care and their sin together,  
 All glory to God and the Lamb for ever!  
 They have leant awhile on Jesus' breast,—  
 That earthly heav'n where the weary rest,—  
 Confessing to Him, with uplifted faces,  
 "Thou mak'st our lines fall in heav'nly places:" \*  
 And they press to the Factory Gate on the morrow,  
 With more of joy, and less of sorrow.

\* This was the expression of a young woman who had hurried, at the close of her factory, to the weekly meeting of the Bennet Street School. In this establishment there were four stories, each containing a hundred children.



## MY BROTHER GEORGE'S BIRTHDAY.

(He was a Midshipman in the Royal Navy).

*Musings on the 7th of December, 1837.*

Thou'rt far away! far, far away!  
 Oh! would that thou wert near,  
 As thou wert wont in childhood's day,  
 My brother ever dear!  
 We were the youngest of our mother,  
 Our hearts were closely knit together.  
     Our hearts were one,  
     But thou art gone,  
                     My brother!

Thine arm around my neck I wore,  
 By clasping fingers bound,  
 As, traversing the garden walks,  
     We wander'd all around.  
 We feasted on the mulberry,  
     Beneath the elm we swung,  
 In our days of youth and infancy,  
     Where the golden pippins hung.

We laugh'd at little pussy-cat  
 For playing with her tail;  
 Or scamper'd down with straws to meet  
     Old Joseph with the pail.\*

\* From milking the cows.

We gazed upon the pear-trees' bloom,  
 Which all-enwrapp'd our happy home ;  
     And pond'ring on the trees,  
     And their orchestra of bees,  
 We both had nearly tumbled o'er  
 The spud and weeding-basket's store,  
     Our gentle father's\* occupation,  
     Deep in melodious contemplation ;  
 His looks were music, and his soul  
 Under soft harmony's control.

Thus joyously we tripp'd along  
 To the sweet buzzing bees' bright song ;  
 Our tender mother now appears,  
 Rejoicing in her "happy dears :"  
 Her deepest love seem'd fix'd on thee,  
 But, oh ! not less she lovèd me.

'Twas then that England's pride,—  
 Her life,—her Nelson died !

We heard the muffled peal of victory and death,  
 And, listening, held our breath :  
 Bright deeds and thoughts of glory stole  
 Into thy steadfast soul.

Thou left us, ere the holy hand  
     Had pressèd o'er thy brow ;  
 But the lovely altar of thy birth  
     Received thy parting vow.

\* The composer of "Auld Robin Gray" and much Sacred Music.

Thy earthly father gave thee  
 Of thy heavenly Father's bread,  
 And of the cup to save thee;  
 For thee, for *thee* 'twas shed!

From home thou sailèd, and its bow'rs,  
 But we clasp'd thee oft again,  
 Amid the sweets of garden flow'rs,  
 Safe from the stormy main.  
 And we sang thee, " ' Guide, O guide him,  
 Great Jehovah,' o'er the main;  
 May the Great Jehovah hide him!"  
 And He sent thee back again.

But now, thou com'st not as before!  
 Oh! shall I never see thee more?

Yes, trust me, we shall meet again,  
 Though parted long, my dearest brother,  
 As formerly we met in youth,  
 Walking in love with one another!

Yes, yes! my brother, we shall meet  
 With joy before the judgment-seat;  
 For He, whose Word is truth, hath said,  
 Our sins shall not be mentionèd.

## MUSINGS AT NIGHT,

*From my Window, which looked on the old Collegiate  
Church and Churchyard.*

'Tis night ;—and I gaze on the holy pile,  
 I muse in the dubious light awhile,  
 On the carvèd windows and fret-work fair,  
 'Mid the fairy touch of the grey mist there,  
 Where the lengthen'd battlements' fading line  
 Is faintly lost in the pale moonshine.  
 Adorn'd with broidery of light  
 It riseth to my charmèd sight,  
 Illumined all around ;  
 And seems " a castle in the air "  
 Just fall'n unto the ground.  
 Above, the temple riseth,  
 Beneath it, lies the tomb ;  
 Emblems of life and death  
 In ages still to come.  
 The pinnacles stand fixèdly  
 Heaven's finger-posts eternally ;  
 The finger of the dead below  
 Doth warn from never-dying woe.  
 From their height and depth the stars are stealing,  
 Their distant points of light revealing ;  
 And, to my fancy's eye, might be  
 Pierced through into eternity.  
 The circling lamps are gleaming,  
 And the gliding moon is beaming ;

There are lights around, above,—  
 The dwelling of God's love.  
 Like jewelry they shine  
 About the holy shrine,  
 As brilliants set transparently  
 'Mid the windows' lovely tracery ;  
 Imaged in ev'ry archèd pane  
 Heav'n is reflected back again.  
 But I see, I see, as I earnest gaze,  
 I see in the midst a *ruby's* blaze !  
 Is it the ruby Mars,  
 Set round with diamond stars ?  
 It blazeth forth ! 'tis red,—  
 'Tis vanishèd ! 'Tis pale—'*tis red* !  
 Like a bashful maiden crimsonèd.  
 Is it moonlight sleeping in sweet repose  
 O'er the "gather'd lilies" and blossom'd rose,  
 Now raised in new beauty, and join'd above,  
 To the bright Rose of Sharon, the rose-tree of love ?  
 Is it the ray of the midnight lamp,  
 Streaming along the churchyard damp,  
 Throwing a glimmer to light up the dead,  
 As they lie in their dark and lonely bed ?—  
 Or the stars, as they stud the early grave  
 Of the loved and lovely,—the fond and brave ;  
 Or looking from out their azure deep,  
 Through the soft'ning mist, as they silent weep  
 O'er the maiden's tomb, the tomb of her  
 Who lies in a coffin of blue and silver ? \*

\* Miss W., a cousin aged eighteen, was buried in Wrington Church,  
 in a coffin covered with blue cloth, studded with silver stars.

Or the pale meteor's quiv'ring spark,  
 As it falls on the cold grave, chill and dark;  
 Trembling through the freezing air,  
 Above the dying in despair;  
 Shudd'ring through the thick'ning gloom,  
 Hanging around the hopeless tomb,  
 Where lieth in obscurity  
 The mocker of futurity,  
 Seal'd in his cold and earthly cell,  
 The perishing, lost infidel?  
 No! 'tis no cold, reflected light,  
 It burneth, it burneth by day and by night;  
 'Tis the fire in the holy temple burning,  
 Ere the sacred Day of Rest returning!—  
 'Tis the warming flame 'midst the holy choir,  
 Faint emblem of the seraph's fire,  
 When he chants of the Lamb to his golden lyre,  
 In tones of undulating bliss which never cease,  
 From rising ecstasy of joy he singing sinks to peace.  
 Surpassing strains!—by man not understood,—  
 From fullest joy, to perfect peace in God!

*Manchester, 1837.*



## A SONG OF PEACE.

\* \* \* \*

Descending from above,  
O'erwhelm our sins with love ;  
Thine outspread arms display,  
And say, "They're cast away!"

\* \* \* \*

Begin the song, begin,  
The song that angels sing ;  
Begin the song to-day,  
To cheer us on our way ;  
And e'en again to-morrow,  
Between our bursts of sorrow.  
We'll sing in time to-day,  
In eternity to-morrow.

*Athens, 1839.*

THE DEAF AND DUMB CHILD'S  
HYMN.

Jesus, Thou lovest me !  
I smile, and think of Thee ;  
I smile, and think of Thee,  
For Thou hast died for me.

Jesus, to Thee I come,  
For I am deaf and dumb :  
O speak unto my heart,  
And silently impart

The way to go to heav'n,  
 The way to be forgiv'n,  
 The way from sin to cease,  
 The way to die in peace.

Then, then my longing ear  
 Thy trumpet's voice shall hear;  
 And then my silent tongue  
 Shall burst into a song!

*For little Emily, Athens, 1840.*

## THOUGHTS ON MUSIC.

Each heart seeks happiness, for the world is out of tune. Music is a source of pleasure. In infancy our mothers sing to us, and we sink to rest; in childhood we listen to the song of birds and tinkling sheep bells, and are happy; but in advancing years the music of fountains, birds, and breezes does not satisfy us, our hearts' depth responds only to tones proceeding from the source of harmony. It was the simple, sacred harp of Jesse's son, which "refreshed" Saul's troubled spirit. How unlike the wild confusion of tumultuous sounds, the music of demons, so frequently imitated!

The true value of things is determined by their duration. Songs of earth end with each fleeting breath; songs of heaven begin but to be breathed throughout eternity. Heavenly music is the standard of true beauty. We are permitted and invited to join now the angelic choir,—their

subjects ours. Let us swell this sublime chorus; the musicians, all creation; the object, glory to God and peace on earth; the subject, creation and redemption. The sweet psalmist of Israel says, "Let us begin the song now, in the house of our pilgrimage! Let us exalt his name together!" Let us learn the song which "only the redeemed can learn," inspired by endless discoveries of heights and depths of love and power! "O come, let us sing unto the Lord!"—swelling like the voice of many waters, rising like the rush of mighty winds, falling like descending dew, remembering there was "silence in heaven" between the bursts of the ever-new song. Let the "Amens" sweep and sprinkle up into heaven with swelling harmony, then die away, as if you had breathed out your happy soul.

*Athens, 9th December, 1840.*

## THE REUNION.

*Discovered floating in the air, in the Cottage Garden, the day after the one passed at Clevedon with old friends. 1844.*

How beautiful that day of life  
 We journey'd yesterday,  
 As once again, with early friends,  
 We stray'd as formerly!

How beautiful the veil of shade,  
 Floating with silent grace  
 Around the sunny features  
 Of nature's lovely face!

How beautiful the holy shrines  
That sparkled into light,  
Along the distant paths of earth  
Unfolded to our sight!

How beautiful the azure sky,  
That lured our thoughts above,  
To deep and deeper depths of blue,—  
The atmosphere of love!

The fragrant firs are swinging  
Their incense to the skies;  
The rising lark is singing,  
As up towards heaven he flies.

How beautiful to read all day  
Sweet nature's book,—all Thine,—  
As wan'dring through this day of life,  
Waiting for life Divine!







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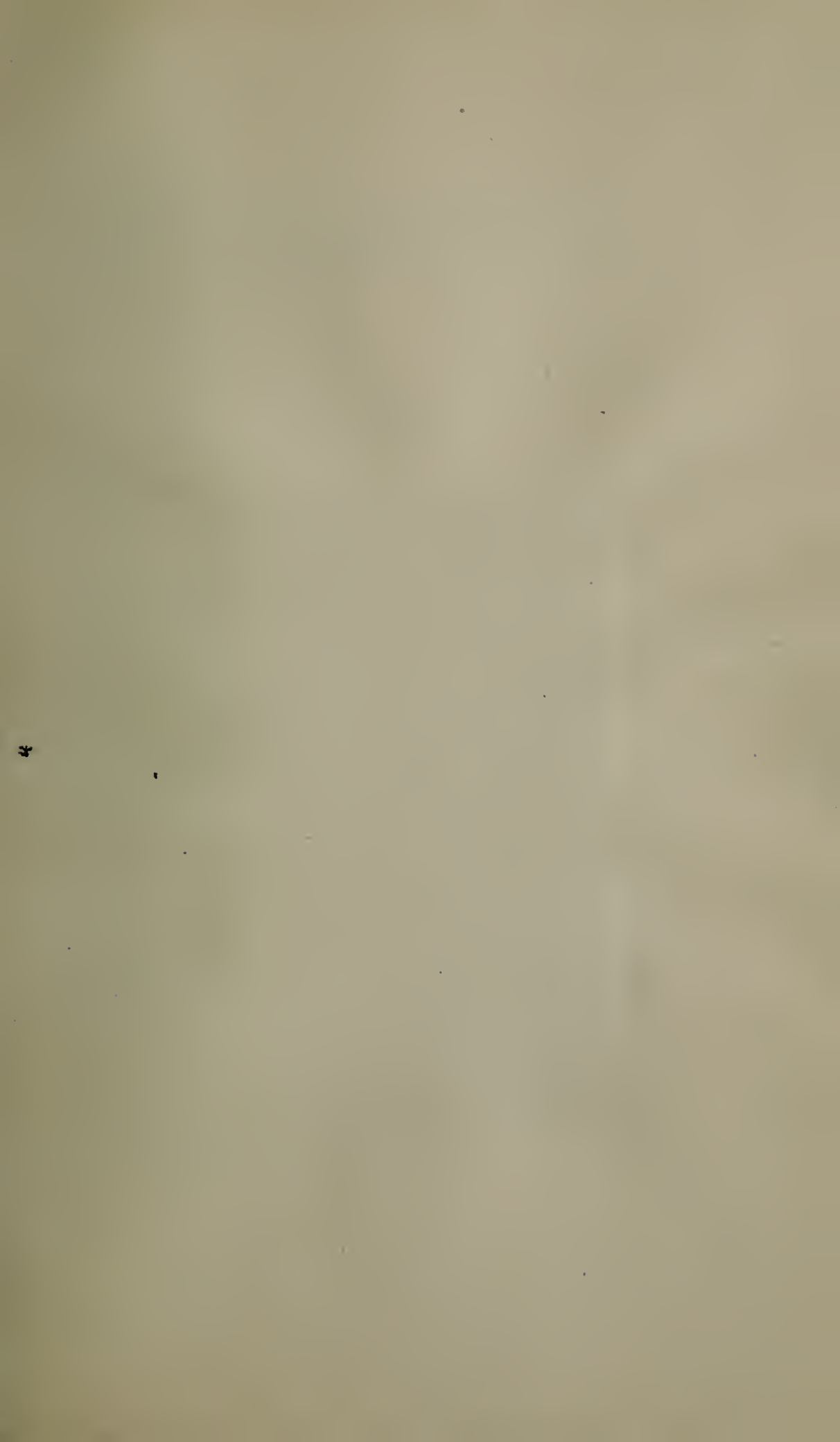
BRIEF SKETCH

OF THE LIFE OF

THE REV.

ROBINSON ELSDALE, D.D.







THE REV. ROBINSON ELSDALE, O.D.

*Del.* E. LEEVES. 1843.



## THE REV. ROBINSON ELSDALE, D.D.

The name of Elsdale originated from Esk-dale, a small property on the banks of the Esk, on the borders of Scotland. One of the family "has seen, in the possession of a lawyer in Spalding, an old title-deed to this property, which dated as far back as the reign of King John."

The following information, dating from the maternal great-grandfather of Dr. Elsdale, and concluding with his brother, was chiefly given by Dr. Elsdale's niece, Miss Anne Field Elsdale, who wrote several interesting works ("Tales of the Martyrs," "Tales for Children," &c.) :—

"The following is extracted from the "register in the family Bible," as the most concise and certain information :

"'GEORGE FIELD, gentleman, of Alderkirk, grandfather of Ann Elsdale (Dr. Elsdale's mother), died 1772, aged 84 ; he was a pious man.'

"'ANN FIELD, wife of the above George Field, died 1779, aged 84, full of days and good works.'

"'SUSANNA GIBBINS, daughter of George and Ann Field, mother of Ann Elsdale, died August 29, 1768, aged 30, leaving five children to bewail her great loss.'

“ ‘ ANN GIBBINS, daughter of James and Susanna Gibbins, was born November 28th, 1758 or 59, in Spalding.’ ”

“ The above extracts in the family Bible are in the writing of Ann Elsdale (the mother of Dr. Elsdale) ; the following entry is in that of Robinson Elsdale (the father of Dr. E.) :

“ ‘ ROBINSON ELSDALE and ANN GIBBINS were married, March 31, 1779, at Surfleet Church.’ ”

“ ‘ ROBINSON, son of Robinson and Ann Elsdale, was born on Wednesday, March 26, 1783, at Surfleet.’ ”

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“ ‘ ROBINSON ELSDALE died October 15, 1783, aged 39.’ ”

“ ‘ ANN, widow of Robinson Elsdale, died at Surfleet, December 6th, 1837.’ ”

The following relates to the great-grandfather, father, mother, and brother of Dr. Elsdale :—

“ George Field, gentleman, of Alderkirk, as he is described in the family Bible, the maternal great-grandfather of Dr. Elsdale, who died in 1772, was also fond of literature ; a large folio volume of his poems, with which he beguiled the sufferings of a long affliction, remain as a memorial. His granddaughter, the mother of Dr. Elsdale, from whom I learnt the few particulars I know of those who had gone before, and who had been brought up by him, used to speak of him as so good and resigned ; while her favourite expression with regard to her grandmother (his wife) was, that she was ‘ piety personified.’ ”

“ Robinson Elsdale, father of Dr. Elsdale, entered as a midshipman in the royal navy ; but left it, and was after-



wards captain of a merchant vessel. He married on his return from his last voyage, and had two sons. His widow always spoke of him as a man of strong sense; and he left a proof of his literary taste, in a volume of the adventures of his seafaring life.

“He resided at Surfleet, on the estate which had been in the family for many generations, and died there, October 15th, 1783, when his youngest son Robinson (Dr. E.) was little more than six months old. His mother’s maiden name was Robinson. His wife (whose maiden name was Gibbins) was brought up by her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Field. Her grandmother, it appears, died in the same year that she was married. I think her father lived at Surfleet then (and I believe in the house at the Bridge), which would account for her being married there. Old Mr. Elsdale lived in a house about a mile from the Church. In that, she passed the few years of her married life, and fifty-four of widowhood. She was a very sensible woman, and must have trained her two sons most judiciously, if we may judge from the after lives of both. I believe both were considerably above the average standard of learning and intellectual attainments of their day; and both shewed plainly that they sought a better country. They were both strikingly indifferent to many things which most people think so much of; and they had peculiar ways of interweaving religious thoughts into every-day life.

The elder son, the Rev. Samuel Elsdale, took his degrees of “B.A., February 17, 1803, and of M.A., June 21, 1809.” He was “a most excellent man, highly intellectual, and deeply religious. He was a frequent writer

in the 'Gentleman's Magazine;' and amongst other literary productions, left a volume of sacred poetry. He was for some years Headmaster of the Grammar School at Moulton, where he died, and was buried, at the age of 47."

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The younger son, Robinson, the subject of the following memoir, was born March 26th 1783. He was at school at Uppingham, and was admitted to a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, October 16th, 1801 ("Scholar in right as Fellow," as it then was). At that time he used to study sixteen hours a-day. The dates of his degrees are as follows, extracted from the "Catalogue of Oxford Graduates, 1851," just republished:—"Robinson Elsdale, C.C.C., B.A., June 12th, 1805; M.A., Feb. 1, 1807; B. and D.D., July 7, 1838." In 1808, he was appointed to the Second Mastership of the Manchester (then) Free Grammar School. On the 28th of May, 1809, he received Deacon's Orders from "Charles, Bishop of Oxford;" on the 24th of December, 1809, he received Priest's Orders from the same. On the 24th of July, 1810, he vacated his scholarship by marriage, at Wrington, with Marianne, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Leeves, Rector of Wrington, Somerset.

Mr. Leeves' father, in the parchment from the Herald's Office, granting the "arms and crest assigned to him, August 1st, 1741," is thus described,—“Henry Leeves, of Kensington, in the county of Middlesex, Esqr., son of John Leeves, of the same county.”

Mr. Leeves' maternal grandparents were Mr. and Mrs. Buller. Their daughter, Miss Buller, married Henry Leeves, Esq., father of the Rev. W. Leeves.

Dr. Elsdale was appointed "Domestic Chaplain to

Anne, Dowager Countess of Manvers, October 26th, 1818, in the fifty-ninth year of the reign of George III."

He had Curacies at Cheetham Hill and Chorlton, and was appointed Incumbent of Stretford in 1819. He was devoted to his duties, giving at least one half-holiday, besides the Sundays, to parochial work. He annually visited his revered mother at Surfleet till her death, December 6th, 1837.

In 1837 he was appointed Highmaster of the Manchester Grammar School.

Love and charity to all formed his general characteristics.

His last days of peace and patient suffering, alleviated and soothed by the kindness of all his friends, were spent at Wrington; from whence he passed tranquilly to "the rest that remaineth for the people of God," leaving his family to lament their irreparable loss, while they rejoiced in his eternal gain. He had thirteen children, seven of whom survive. Others have kindly traced the character he sustained as a true and humble Christian, advancing in likeness to his Saviour as he neared the goal of his wishes,—the time when he would be "for ever with the Lord."

His epitaph, written by himself, and afterwards placed on his tombstone at Wrington, is as follows:—

"ROBINSON ELSDALE, D.D.

"Born March 26th, 1783. Died August 8th, 1850.\*

" 'What must I do to be saved?'

" 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'

" 'Faith without works is dead.'

" 'God is love.'"

\* Added afterwards.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

*From the MANCHESTER COURIER, August, 1850.*

“DEATH OF DR. ELSDALE.—Our obituary of to-day records the death, at the ripe age of sixty-seven, of the Rev. Dr. Robinson Elsdale, formerly highmaster of the Manchester Free Grammar School. The Rev. Dr. died at Wrington, near Bristol. He was a native of Lincolnshire, and was elected to a scholarship in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, on the foundation of a school in his native county, where he was educated. In 1808, when he had taken his degree of B.A., he was appointed by the president of his College to the second mastership, and was remarkable, nay proverbial, for the punctuality with which he attended upon his duties. To the extent of his acquirements and his capabilities as a tutor, the solid attainments of many of his pupils now living testify. He was an excellent master, and as a man, highly respected and beloved.”

*From the MANCHESTER COURIER, August 30th, 1850.*

“On Thursday, the 8th inst., at Wrington, near Bristol, aged sixty-seven years, deeply-lamented by his family and friends, the Reverend Robinson Elsdale, D.D., Incumbent of Stretford, formerly second, and subsequently highmaster of the Free Grammar School in this town; the duties of which offices he discharged with the greatest fidelity for nearly thirty years. He lived the life of a true Christian, and his end was peace.”

## EXTRACT FROM A SERMON

*On the Death of the* REV. ROBINSON ELSDALE, D.D., *by*  
*the* REV. HENRY THOMPSON, M.A., *Vicar of Chard.*

(Sermon on S. Luke xx. 38, preached in Wrington Church,  
 August, 1838.)

“If we sorrow over those who depart in the fulness of years, we yet rejoice that they have long glorified God, laid up abundant treasure in heaven, cast off pains and infirmities for ever, put on strength and knowledge, been gathered into the eternal garner ‘as a shock of corn cometh in his season.’ Such a loss have we now to lament; the meek disciple and faithful steward: faithful in all his house,—pattern and preceptor of his children,—sufferer himself with Christ, and glorifying Him by Christian patience,—whose favourite text was, ‘God is love;’ who kept that truth before his heart no less than before his eyes, having it inscribed in his chamber, that he might always look upon it, as it was inscribed on his last house, that it might meet his first glance in the resurrection; who dwelt in love, and therefore, we humbly believe, was partaker of the blessing, ‘he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him;’ who ever felt assured that all was for the best; who was resigned to live (for with him life, rather than death, needed resignation), but was ever ready to die: suffering oftentimes so much as to feel



the chastisement hard to bear,—to feel that life would not be worth having, but for the happy sleep and glorious waking to follow,—that the negative happiness of heaven, the mere exemption from pain, was no less than positive bliss,—trying to support his sufferings (these were his very words) ‘by the hope of the painless, complete, eternal happiness of heaven, through Christ.’ Looking at the sufferings of Christ, and praying and trying to be more patient through Him, and succeeding too, through Christ that strengthened him; forward, while a remnant of strength subsisted, to visit the sick and afflicted,—the advocate and example of peace, love, and goodwill to all. In this visitation we all seek comfort, and some deeply need it. But our consolation aboundeth by Christ, and in the words of the text we shall find it treasured for us abundantly.”







ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, STRETFORD LANCASHIRE.

TO THE MEMORY  
 OF THE  
 REV. ROBINSON ELSDALE, D.D.,

Highmaster of the Free Grammar School, Manchester,  
 and Incumbent of Stretford.

---

'Tis night;—and in the deep blue vault of heaven  
 Innumerable stars are shining forth  
 In tranquil beauty o'er the silent earth;—  
 The noise and tumult of the day are past,  
 And all around breathes peace and holy calm.

In dream-like revery I sit and muse,  
 Till fancy calls up visions of old times.  
 My thoughts fly back e'en to the summer hours  
 When in fair Kersal's Woods I loved to roam  
 With blithesome friends in sweet companionship;  
 To happy school-days, when the dull routine,  
 The irksome task of learning, was made light  
 By Elsdale's genial wisdom; bringing out  
 From his rich storehouse illustrations apt  
 Of modern thought and study, that oft flashed  
 A meaning new upon the mystic page  
 Of ancient oracles, drawing out the soul  
 And spirit of the past. Beneath his spell  
 The forms of old philosophy were girt  
 With fresher beauty, glowed with nobler life!

Oh! happy days! how quickly ye flew by!—  
 And thou, loved Tutor! how thy memory lives  
 In grateful hearts of those (alas! how few!)  
 Who yet survive to bless thy loving care  
 And precepts of deep wisdom; sounding quaint  
 To buoyant youth, but in the after years  
 How well-remembered, when, amid life's cares,  
 Thy deep-toned voice seemed ringing once again  
 With words of power to animate the soul,  
 And rouse it from despair and listlessness;  
 Bidding it shun the heights precipitous,  
 Where bold ambition lures to Fame and—Death!  
 To love the simple vale where Duty lies;  
 To turn aside from speculation rash,  
 And all that cannot bear the searching light  
 Of God's pure law; to spurn the shifty rule  
 (That deems success the synonym of right)  
 Of low expediency, and to found  
 Each action on the eternal rock of Truth;  
 To scorn the sordid trickeries of the world,  
 And all the little meannesses of trade!

My soul doth thank thee for thy lessons sage,  
 Which have to me a beacon been, and star,  
 Amid the dark intricacies of life  
 And questionable morals of the age!

Oh! saintly-hearted Elsdale! thou didst bend  
 And sacrifice at holy Duty's shrine  
 The highest powers of intellect; content  
 To live unnoticed, and to die unknown  
 (At least to mortal fame), so thou might'st win

Thy erring brethren to the love of Christ,  
Whose banner 'twas thy privilege to bear  
With faith unfaltering!

May thy sons accept  
This feeble tribute to their father's worth  
From one who loved him living, mourned him dead;  
Thankful for all his lessons of high Truth  
And bright example!

C. G. R.

*Oct. 15, 1871.*

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## THE MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

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*"There were Giants" even "in those days."*

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*"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona."*

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"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MANCHESTER COURIER.'

"Sir,

"The recent proceedings and speeches at the Dinner of the Trustees of the Manchester (alas! no longer Free) Grammar School, when Lord Derby presided, have led me to think of old times, when I had the pleasure of sitting at the feet of Dr. Elsdale as my Gamaliel. It struck me that the teaching of the old system produced as fine a

fruit as the new promises to do; that sound truths were instilled into us, drawn from Holy Scripture,—not flimsy theories of fanciful philosophy; and that it would be well to remind the present generation of the merits of past masters, who have been rather disparaged by the almost fulsome laudation of the present system, masters, trustees, and all.

“AN OLD SCHOLAR.

“*31st Oct., 1871.*”

(CHARLES GEORGE RHODES.)

## A LETTER

*From the same.*

“Wigan, 20th Nov., 1871.

“Dear Madam,

“I do not think I can add much to the sketch I have already given of your beloved father’s character; but I may just add, that his simplicity and earnestness always seemed to me remarkable, as also his love for children, and his devotion to the duties of his position. Nothing but love and duty could have sustained him so long in the drudgery of teaching the lower forms. His conscientiousness won him the respect and veneration of his pupils. It was his delight to do whatever he had to do, *well*; and his boys always went forward well-grounded in grammar and those primary studies which form the basis of all sound classical learning. His aim, however, was to make his pupils not only ripe classical scholars, but



Christian scholars also. He had a bright intellect, which was competent to hold its own in all branches of study; and his rich illustrations, drawn from varied sources, imparted a charm to his teaching, which, in modern times, may be equalled, but cannot be surpassed. I remember, when the daily tasks were finished, before the time for prayers, how he would call us up to read an extra chapter of Greek or Roman history, or what he loved better, a chapter from the Bible; not making it task-work, but rather a privilege and reward for our conduct during the day.

“ Chief above all,  
 He held the Word of God in reverent love;  
 And ever and anon, from sacred tome,  
 Would choose the themes that to his thirsty soul  
 Had borne, in flood of holiest delight,  
 Rich draughts of joy and sweet deliciousness;  
 In hope that we, won by Christ's tenderness,  
 And drawn unto Him as by cords of love,  
 Might quaff, from the same fount of heavenly peace,  
 The streams of living water that make glad  
 The Paradise of God; and by His Spirit led,  
 Might win like blessing, strength to do His Will,  
 And, with unspotted robes, to walk unscathed  
 Amid the wild temptations of the world,  
 And Satan's subtle snares; our hope His cross,  
 Who 'died that we might live' and ever reign  
 With Him in glory in the life to come!

“One interesting fact I must not omit to mention. At the time when the cholera visited Manchester, about 1832,

the Grammar School was closed, and the pupils dispersed to their respective homes. Dr. Elsdale, during this period, gathered together such of his pupils as he could, at his house in Strangeways, and attended to their instruction as carefully as if the School had been open. I was not, at that time, under his care at the School, but I was one of those privileged to attend at his house; and I shall never forget his kindness. All this was done without hope of fee or reward.

"I remember your father once saying, 'Boys, I hope neither you nor I may ever come suddenly to any great fortune or honour. I am sure it would turn my brain, and I fear it would yours also.'

"If I have succeeded, in any way, in reviving the memory of your saintly father, I have to some small extent realised my wish of doing honour and showing my gratitude to him,—a wish I have never been able to accomplish until now.

"Perhaps some of his other old pupils will be able to fill up the details of this imperfect sketch.

"With deep respect for your father's memory,

"I remain, Madam,

"Yours faithfully,

"CHAS. GEO. RHODES.

"To Mrs. Moon."

## LETTERS

*From the same, conveying Extracts from Letters to him from  
former Pupils and Friends of DR. ELSDALE'S.*

“December 16th, 1871.

“Dear Madam,

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“The following extract from the letter of a clerical friend, will, I am sure, gratify you:—

‘The excellent Preceptor whose memory your piety has  
‘embalmed, after so graceful a manner, I used to hear of  
‘in my younger days, from boys who had been at the  
‘Grammar School, and their testimony was always of a  
‘favorable kind. Amiable, and much-beloved, he seemed  
‘to be; moreover, I always considered him one of whom  
‘the world was not worthy. Doubtless he awaits, and will  
‘receive, a much higher reward than any *it* has the power  
‘to bestow.’”

“*From* CHARLES MEREDITH, ESQ. (*Manchester.*)

“December 22nd, 1871.

‘I have a very grateful recollection of Dr. Elsdale; he  
‘behaved most kindly to me, and in one instance advanced  
‘me and Mark Ringham, a fellow scholar, six months  
‘before the usual time, from a Latin to a Greek class, and  
‘gave us instruction in Greek thrice a-week, at his resi-  
‘dence, during the Christmas holidays, to prepare us for  
‘the advancement on the re-opening of the school; for  
‘which he would receive no remuneration.’

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"I am told that your father's old parishioners, at Stretford, still retain a grateful remembrance of his labours.

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"I heartily thank you and Dr. Moon for your good wishes, and sincerely and warmly reciprocate them.

"With sincere respect and kind regards,

"Believe me,

"Ever yours faithfully,

"CHAS. GEO. RHODES."

## LETTER AND SKETCH

*By the REV. J. C. BAGSHAW, M.A. (Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. Viscount Hill).*

"Chaplain's House, Hawkstone,

"March 1st, 1872.

"Dear Mrs. Moon,

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I am very thankful to have the opportunity of adding my tribute to your dear father's worth.

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"It is so long since I left Manchester School, that many early associations have, as a matter of course, become weakened and indistinct. Nothing, however, clings so to one's memory as old school days; and none of those who were under Dr. Elsdale, at the time of which I am writing,—when he was Second Master,—can ever forget him, or his patient instruction and faithful admonitions.

“As a Master, he was particularly remarkable for a *patient discharge of duty*, and a *strict sense of justice*.

“He was always at his post, always *punctual*, thus enforcing punctuality on his pupils by his own example. A strict disciplinarian—(too strict no doubt some of us thought),—he could yet unbend. No one enjoyed a merry laugh more than himself; and no one delighted more to give pleasure. After a ‘long grammar lesson’ (one of the ‘institutions’ of his classes), when pleased with his boys, he would give all the class a treat. So, with individual boys, he was always glad to shew how much he was pleased with them. It is one of my pleasant recollections of school days, that I often received from him some little reward, when he had been pleased with the day’s work.

“But his strict *justice* and *impartiality* were always most religiously maintained. I do not think it could fairly be said that he showed favour towards any one of his pupils. I was sometimes tempted to think that he was most strict towards those to whom he seemed most drawn. In the school, he dealt with all alike. His integrity as a master was unquestionable.

“Living out of town, it was my lot to be, for a time, under his Ministry. He was then Incumbent of Stretford. I can well call to mind his appearance in the Desk and Pulpit, and his earnest loving appeals to his Congregation.

“As a Pastor, *humility* was a striking feature in his character; and this humility deepened, as was to be expected, as years rolled on. His memory is still affectionately cherished by many of his former parishioners.

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“He was always thoughtful about the people among whom he had so long ministered. The letters which I had the happiness to receive from him when at College, and afterwards when in Orders, always showed how constantly he prayed for his old charge; many of his people were specially mentioned in his prayers.

“His *simplicity* of character was very marked. His firm trust in the merits and work of the Lord Jesus Christ could not be hidden. He shrunk from a display of his Christian life; but it was seen, and noted. He was not perfect, he had his peculiarities; yet it would be well for us if simplicity and purity of character, humility and self-denial, a spirit of prayer, and firm trust in our blessed Lord, such as were found in Robinson Elsdale, were found in all Christians.

“His memory and his example are an encouragement and a comfort to me, as, I doubt not, to others of his pupils who survive.”



EXTRACT FROM AN  
 “ODE TO THE MANCHESTER FREE  
 GRAMMAR SCHOOL.”

*By* HENRY WHEELER (*written at the age of Sixteen*).

(Taken from the Life of MR. WHEELER, a former Pupil of  
 DR. ELSDALE'S).

“I deem thee, viewing thus thy form,  
 An eagle mounting o’er the storm ;  
 For thou,—amidst a troubled world,  
 By wars oppress’d, by tempests hurl’d,—  
 Thou, thou, whilst many a mortal name  
 Has perish’d, standest thus the same.

\* \* \*

“Some forms are graven on the heart  
 That never, save with life, can part ;  
 And thou, whilst memory yet may stay  
 To guide one thought of nature’s clay,  
 Shalt live, by me forgotten not,  
 When time shall other visions blot.

“Still, whilst I bend at mortal shrine,  
 And say this day on earth is mine,  
 My conscious heart, in secret glee,  
 Shall vibrate as I think on thee ;  
 Whilst I, through life’s declining days,  
 Will tell thy virtues, sing thy praise.

“O may'st thou stand thus proud and high,  
 When humbler works of man shall die ;  
 May'st thou o'er others' pathway shine  
 A beacon, bright as shone o'er mine ;  
 And form, through many a coming age,  
 The fairest gem in history's page.”

## ON THE MANCHESTER FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,

*By* LAMAN BLANCHARD, 1842.

“In the Manchester Free Grammar School, which was founded early in the sixteenth century, many persons, eminent for science and learning, have been educated. The list extends as far back as the reign of Mary, opening with the well-known name of John Bradford, who suffered martyrdom in 1555 ; Reginald Heber (the father of the Bishop) was here ; Cyril Jackson, and his brother, the Bishop of Oxford ; the first Lord Alvanley ; Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby ; David Latouche, the celebrated banker ; the present Mr. Justice Williams, W. Harrison Ainsworth, and many others.”

*From* W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

“Little Rockley, Hurstpierpoint,

“Dec. 23rd, 1871.

“My dear Madam,

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“I had not seen Mr. Rhodes’ tribute to your excellent father’s memory. I have read the lines with much interest, and share the sentiments they express. For Dr. Elsdale I had the warmest attachment. He was a good man, a good Christian, a good divine, and a sound scholar. He was as strict a disciplinarian as his predecessor, Mr. Lawson; and he was as much beloved as Lawson by his pupils.

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“Sincerely reciprocating your good wishes,

“Believe me, my dear Madam,

“Very truly yours,

“W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

“To Mrs. Moon.”

*From the same.*

“Little Rockley, Hurstpierpoint,

“March 21, 1872.

“My dear Mrs. Moon,

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“One little incident I will mention while it occurs to me. One day, when I was about 16, I was walking with James Montgomery, the poet. We were crossing the

churchyard of the present Cathedral, when we encountered your father, who stopped me to make some observations,—not perhaps very flattering,—on a poetical effusion which I had sent him. Montgomery stood by, and heard what was said; and as we moved on, he remarked, with a good-humoured laugh, ‘You have a severe critic there.’ I explained that the critic was my tutor, and was entitled to speak plainly to me. Afterwards, when I told Dr. Elsdale that my companion was no other than Montgomery, he was quite vexed that I had not introduced him. (This circumstance is mentioned in Montgomery’s Biography.) I shall never forget his look of surprise when I told him Montgomery (for whom he had a great admiration) had been with me. ‘WHY DIDN’T you introduce him to me?’ he exclaimed.

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“I wish I had a better memory and more leisure.

“Pray make my best remembrances to your mother,

“And believe me,

“Very sincerely yours,

“W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.”

*From C. H. RICKARDS, ESQ.*

“Manchester,

“April 3rd, 1872.

“Dear Sir,

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“I have a most sincere respect for the memory of the late Dr. Elsdale, as a man who most conscientiously did his duty.

"You will probably remember that he at one time held the then incumbency of Stretford; and I have a distinct recollection of seeing several of his pupils frequently walk on Sundays to service at Stretford, taking their dinners with them. This, even, as a lad, impressed me with the conviction that this could only be the result of appreciative conviction of high principle.

"Fifty years ago, there was not much done by the general body of the clergy in the way of pastoral visitation. There was a scholar of the name of Jackson, who lived in Hulme, and who died. Dr. Elsdale visited the poor fellow, and prayed with him, which told greatly on the whole school.

Dr. E. had a great dread of his pupils catching cold from wet clothes: this care and good-nature occasionally got imposed upon by would-be truants.

\* \* \*

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"C. H. RICKARDS.

"C. G. Rhodes, Esq.

*From I. S. PIXTON, ESQ., to C. G. RHODES, ESQ.*

"Thorn Villa, Armston,

"Near Manchester.

"Dear Sir,

"Dr. Elsdale was a very great favorite with my late mother, who used to render him much assistance in Church matters.

\* \* \*

“During the early part of the Doctor’s incumbency at Stretford, the population was very small ; the lower classes, for want of education, very rough and ignorant, especially in spiritual matters. At that time it was not deemed necessary to give the humbler classes any but a very inferior education, such as was given to Mrs. Hind’s charity children,—known as the ‘green scholars,’ all being dressed in green clothes. Hence the great difficulty the Incumbent experienced in imparting to them spiritual instruction, besides his time being very limited, owing to his residing in Manchester.

“In those days there were no conveyances between Stretford and Manchester. The Doctor had therefore to walk both ways, also visiting the sick, as well as on Wednesday afternoon, generally calling on my mother for information on this and any other matters connected with the Church ; my mother very frequently in his absence, and with his concurrence, reading to the sick. The Doctor was always very regular in his attendance, and was held in high estimation by his parishioners.

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“I remain,

“Yours very truly,

“I. S. PIXTON.”



“When MR. KELLY was Churchwarden in 1864, at the time the REV. T. D. COX MORSE was Rector, he had a Stone Tablet put up in Stretford Church, in commemoration of its rebuilding, containing the following inscription” :—

THE PAROCHIAL CHAPEL,  
BUILT A.D. 1718 ON THE SITE OF A FORMER VERY ANCIENT  
CHAPEL, BEING TOO SMALL FOR THE INCREASED  
POPULATION OF THE PARISH,  
THIS CHURCH WAS ERECTED A.D. 1842.

ROBINSON ELSDALE, D.D., *Incumbent.*

JOSEPH CLARKE, M.A., *Curate in sole Charge.*

GEORGE BANNISTER }  
WILLIAM BRUNDRIT } *Churchwardens.*

*Information received from MR. KELLY, 1872.*

“Formerly all the Churches in the parish of Manchester, with the exception of S. John’s, S. Mary’s, and S. Ann’s, were merely Chapels of Ease to the Collegiate Church (now the Cathedral); but by the Manchester Rectory Division Act, a separate district (called a parish) was assigned to each Church, and its Incumbent became a Rector.

“Under this Act of Parliament, Stretford became a Rectory in 1854. Prior to that date, the Minister was styled “Incumbent.”

“The old Parochial Chapel of Stretford was rebuilt in 1718, and enlarged in 1821 and 1824, and contained about 450 sittings. It was taken down in 1844.

“The new Parochial Church was commenced re-building Sept. 30, 1841; consecrated Oct. 10, 1842; and contains 917 sittings.

“The old Chapel Yard is occasionally used for interments. It is well kept; and the Trees planted by Dr. Elsdale are a great ornament.

“There are 7 ancient Chapelries in the parish of Manchester,—viz., Stretford, Chorlton, Didsbury, Gorton, Denton, Newton, and Blackley. The histories of Chorlton, Didsbury, Denton, and Blackley, have been written by the Rev. John Booker, a son-in-law of the late Bishop of Manchester (Top Lee.)”

## “THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.”

The following Poem is added here, as “it was a favorite of DR. ELSDALE’S, and was in many respects a portraiture of his own life and character.” It is from the pen of the REV. HENRY THOMPSON, M.A., Vicar of Chard, and appeared in the “*Iris*” for 1830.

“Take up the Cross, and follow Me!”—  
 Heard ye the call divine?  
 Soldier! brace on thy panoply!  
 Advance thy Captain’s sign!  
 Conqu’ring, to conquer forth He goes;  
 By thy weak arm His might can crush His proudest foes.

With Truth's unsullied baldrick gird  
 Upon thy mailèd side  
 The Spirit's glaive, thy Leader's Word ;  
 Let Virtue's corslet, tried  
 In strife and furnace, guard thy breast,  
 And let Salvation's helm thy dauntless brows invest.

But most, upon thy martial arm  
 Take Faith's impervious targe,  
 To quench the fiery shafts of harm,  
 Amid the deadly charge.  
 Then forth on thy victorious way  
 Speed on, thy steps prepared on Love reveal'd to stay.

Saw'st thou the waters foaming high?—  
 'Tis Passion's restless sea :  
 Heard'st thou the storm that swept the sky?—  
 'Tis stern Adversity.  
 Heed not—tread on—the billows, cleft,  
 Shall fence with crystal wall thy right-hand and thy left.

Saw'st thou the broad and arid plain?—  
 No shelt'ring leaf is there ;  
 No fount, where scorch'd and fainting pain  
 Beneath the sultry glare  
 May slake his lips.—Nor fear, nor fly :  
 Heaven's stores shall ope for thee when earth and wave deny.

Greater and mightier far than thou  
 The hosts that bar thy way :  
 Yet let not that high spirit bow :  
 A loftier Power than they  
 Conducts thy march. Before Him driven,  
 Melts Anak's Titan horde, and rampire wall'd to heaven.

True, dark Ingratitude is there,  
 And Disappointment cold;  
 And mean Suspicion, from his lair,  
 Unwinds his viper fold.  
 Yet fear not : He, whose knight thou art,  
 With energy divine can nerve thy human heart.

True, Earth, in treacherous charms array'd,  
 With eye too wildly sweet,  
 Would seek to her unhallow'd shade  
 To lure thy pilgrim feet.  
 Yet yield not : She who woos thy vows  
 With crown of bleeding thorn enwreath'd thy Master's brows.

Say not, thy yoke is hard to bear;  
 But think of Him who bore,  
 For thee, a weightier load of care,  
 And then repine no more.  
 His yoke is light, His ways are rest;  
 They that endure with Him, with him, too, shall be blest.

Fear not, and thou shalt overcome;  
 Yea, through His love who led,  
 With palm of more than conquest's bloom  
 Twine thine unhelmèd head.  
 'Mid white-robed hosts of fair renown,  
 The Morning-Star shall shine first jewel of thy crown.

Fear not ! in victory thou shalt stand  
 Upon the glassy sea,  
 And chant, with heaven's own lyre in hand,  
 The pæan of the free :  
 "Sing to the Lord ! the fight is done !  
 The fearful foe is whelm'd ! the rest eternal won !







## APPENDIX.

*Written by* HENRY LEEVES, ESQ., *on the marriage of his son, the* REV. WILLIAM LEEVES, *with* MISS WATHEN.

(E. LEEVES.)

May 4th, 1786.

May the union of this day be  
Happy and prosperous, and lasting as the  
Virtues of William and Anna!

(Found among MISS E. LEEVES' MSS.)

## LINES

*Found in* MRS. LEEVES' *workbox, after her death.*

(In her handwriting, without signature).

The great Jehovah hath decreed  
That all mankind should die ;  
And as the lightning's rapid speed  
Our precious moments fly.

This mortal frame will soon decay,  
 And moulder into dust ;  
 Lie buried in its native clay,  
 From pain and labour rest.

My spirit longs to take her flight,  
 And leave this dark abode,  
 To mingle with the saints in light,  
 Before the throne of God.  
 At thy command, O Lord, let Death  
 These brittle walls break down ;  
 And let me soon resign my breath  
 For an immortal crown.

I long for my celestial home,  
 To dwell in endless day ;  
 Oh ! let Elijah's chariot come  
 And take my soul away,  
 To join with the triumphant host  
 Who round the Throne adore  
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
 In concert evermore.

## LINES

*By the* REV. W. LEEVES, 1826.

Many the blessings shower'd on me,  
 Thanks, Lord, for which, are due to Thee.  
 Thy favors manifold exceed  
 The power of speech, through word or deed.

Unbroken still the thread of life ;  
 A family devoid of strife ;  
 A heart that's turned, I trust to God,  
 Submissive to His gentle rod ;  
 A child,\* whose unremitting care,  
 Teaches my widow'd heart to bear,  
 And wait in humble hope to rise  
 And join my partner in the skies.

All praise eternally be given  
 By men on earth, and saints in heaven,  
 To God the Father, and the Son,  
 And Holy Ghost, the Three in One !

## LINES

*By MR. KEMBLE, of Bristol, on the REV. H. D. LEEVES'*  
*sojourn at Constantinople, before going to Athens.*

"The Leaves of the Tree were for the healing  
 of the nations."—REV. xxii. 2.

An island far north learnt the destitute state  
 Of a Mediterranean station ;  
 And in sympathy, knowing their consequent fate,  
 Sent Leeves to present them salvation.

\* MISS E. LEEVES, who lived with him till his death.

So dark and ensanguined the rigorous views  
 Of Mahómet's deluding creation,  
 'Twas thought they would certainly welcome the news  
 Of Leeves, for the healing the nation.

But, alas ! by enslaving dominion enthrall'd,  
 They yield to their full degradation ;  
 Choose the sensual bait, to the treasure of gold  
 From Leeves, for the healing their nation.

Their destiny sure will o'ertake them anon,  
 For rejecting the proffer'd salvation,  
 When the ever-green Leeves from the region is gone  
 Of this sin-sick destructible nation.

## A LETTER

*From the REV. H. D. LEEVES, to the Editor of THE TIMES.*

"Mr. Editor,

"I observed in your paper of Saturday last, a letter on the subject of the authorship of 'Auld Robin Gray,' in which your correspondent claims for my father (the late Rev. Wm. Leeves), the composition both of the Music and Words of this well-known Ballad. You remark in a note, "There are so many claimants for this song, that posterity will be sadly puzzled: but that you incline to the opinion which ascribes it to Lady Lindsay."

"As I have it in my power to set the matter at rest, as far as my father is concerned, I feel it to be my duty

(both in justice to his memory, and for the satisfaction of the public, before whom the question has been not unfrequently agitated) to state to you the facts of the case. The Music of this ballad is, then, undoubtedly, my father's composition; but not (so) the Words. He composed the air about the year 1770, at Richmond, where he then resided; and the words were put into his hands by the Honble. Mrs. Byron, which he understood at that time, and ever afterwards believed to have been (the composition of) written by Lady Anne Lindsay. Copies being handed about in private, the air after some time got into print, without the author's consent, and soon acquired that place in the public favor which it has since maintained: and the world uninformed as to its origin, seem to have set it down as an old Scotch melody.

"My father, little solicitous of notoriety, and content with the approbation of his private friends, for a long time took no measures to claim his undoubted offspring; until at length, at the urgent recommendation of his old and valued friend, the late Mr. Hammersley, of Pall Mall, who was one of those who had known the air in MS., before it got into print, he was induced, in the year 1812, to republish it with his own name, together with a Collection of Sacred Airs, also of his composition, prefixing to the whole a Preface, and an Address to Mr. Hammersley, in which he states the circumstances above-mentioned, as well known to that gentleman, and to which, if necessary, he could have borne his testimony.\*

"I will only add, that musical composition, chiefly of

\* This publication has not, however, had a very wide circulation.

late on sacred subjects, had been the favorite recreation of my father, to the very close of his life, nearly 50 years of which have been passed in this parish in the exercise of his pastoral duties. Many of these Compositions, known only to his private friends, may perhaps be esteemed not unworthy of the author of the music of 'Auld Robin Gray.'

"I remain, your very obedient Servant,

"H. D. LEEVES.

"Wrington, Somerset,

"July 19, 1828."

## "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

*(From a Newspaper.)*

"In the life of Thomas Moore, by Lord John Russell, occurs the following passage:—

" 'Leaves, a clergyman, was the author of the words of 'Auld Robin Gray.' I already knew that Lady Anne Lindsay composed the music.'—*Lord John Russell's Life of Thomas Moore*, vol 2, p. 180.

"Now the facts of the case are just the reverse. They are as follows, and we have good reason for knowing the truth of them. Lady Anne Lindsay, looking over a volume of ancient Scotch songs, admired an air, 'The bridegroom greets when the sun gangs down;' the words she did not much like, and wrote her touching ballad, 'Auld Robin Gray,' for adaptation to it. The Hon. Mrs. Byron, a friend of Lady Anne Lindsay, gave these lines



to the late Rev. Wm. Leeves (not Leaves), then a young officer of the Guards, afterwards (*cedant arma togæ*) Rector of Wrington, Somerset, who was uncle to the Rev. C. Eckersall. He (Mr. Leeves) did not know they had been arranged to this old Scotch air, nor did he see it until quite late in life, after he had composed for them his beautiful recitative and air, so often and affectingly sung by the famed 'Kitty Stephens,' now Countess of Essex. The two airs have not the slightest resemblance to each other.

"There are numbers who still imagine the air to be an old Scotch one. Poor Wilson, who used to give such admirable illustrations of Scotch music, used to mention this fact, in one of his delightful entertainments.

"Mr. Leeves was the composer of several sacred airs of much merit, which were bound up with the authenticated copy of his popular and most beautiful ballad, and published many years ago. He was rector of the same village (Wrington) in which Hannah More long lived, and with whom he was on terms of intimacy. He died not many years since in that village, full of years, sincerely loved and honoured by his numerous relatives and friends."

## LINES

*"On seeing an Engraving of the first English Church erected  
amid the ancient city of Athens."\**

"Tomb of the mighty! o'er whose ashes lie  
The far-famed ruins of a thousand thrones,  
Dark are thy prostrate columns, while a shade  
Of countless years indelves their sculptured forms.  
I hail thee! Peace is now within thy domes,  
That erst re-echoed back the martial strain  
Of many a stately triumph; but which now  
Point with the warning voice of centuries,  
To where thy highest hopes, ambition, fell!  
Where stands thy noble Forum? where the stately arch  
Through which Pisistratus a triumph led?  
The shades of night may mantle all their glories,  
But cannot rear one gilded stone again!  
Where stood thy fair Pantheon,—noble pile?  
Where bowed the Renegade of distant climes,  
Now smiles the Temple of the Living God!  
Mark how serene it rears its humble shrine,—  
Yet crowned with chaplets brighter than thy sons',  
O mighty Athens! in their proudest lore.  
From thy dark ashes, laden with the wealth  
A thousand kings were slaughtered to supply,  
Built he an altar, lasting as his name!  
Now as the glowing sunset lights thy ruins,  
See, Athens! it looks on thee, as a mother  
Weeps to behold a wayward, ruined child."

\* This Church was erected chiefly through the exertions of the  
REV. H. D. LEEVES, 1842.

# “AN OLD VOLUNTEER MARCH.

“*To the Editor of the THE MIRROR.*

“Wrington, Sept. 16, 1861.

“Dear Sir,

“I send you the words of the Volunteer March alluded to in the *Mirror* of last Saturday (page 8), which may do good if inserted in the next.

“Yours truly,      B.”

## “‘MARCH VOLUNTEERS!’

“*A War Song and Chorus, inscribed to the Volunteers of the United Kingdom, about 1802, by the REV. WM. LEEVES \* (never before printed.)*”

March, Volunteers!  
 Be patient, firm, and true;  
 Your country's liberty  
 May now depend on you.  
     Guard your king, then who's afraid?  
     Guard your laws, then who's afraid?  
     Guard your religion, who's afraid?  
 Defend them in the field,  
 True freemen ne'er to slaves will yield!

\* “The REV. WM. LEEVES was the composer of the beautiful melody of ‘Auld Robin Gray.’”

March, Volunteers !  
 Be steady, brave, and bold ;  
 Protect from violence  
 Your helpless and your old.  
     Think of your families, who's afraid ?  
     Think of your comforts, who's afraid ?  
     Think of your God, then who's afraid ?  
 Defend them in the field,  
 True freemen ne'er to slaves will yield !

March, Volunteers !  
 Your ranks and files well drest ;  
 Silence and discipline,  
 As soldiers, suit us best.  
     Trust your commanders, who's afraid ?  
     Wait for your orders, who's afraid ?  
     Then rout your enemy, who's afraid ?  
 And drive them from the field,  
 For conscript slaves to British freemen sure  
     must yield !

## THE BLIND CHILD.

A blind child, accustomed to work, had a hard substance grow upon her fingers, which prevented her feeling the embossed reading.\* It was removed, but grew again. In farewell sorrow, she *kissed* the Book, and found that she could read with her *lips*.

She read her Bible o'er and o'er,  
     With ever new delight ;  
 Fill'd with its still increasing store,  
     Her faith became her sight.

\* This is thought to have been in DR. MOON'S type.

Ah! once again those fingers worn  
 Refuse to trace the line,  
 And *thrice* has from her heart been torn  
 The page of life divine.

"My God," she cries, in deepest woe,  
 "I've lost Thy thread of love,  
 In this dark labyrinth below,  
 And in the darkness rove!  
 Who shall assist my failing feet,  
 And lead me on to Thee,  
 Where all the angels I may meet,  
 And *Jesus* I may see?"

She bow'd her head in sorrow meek,—  
 "Thy will be done, O Lord!"  
 And sad tears coursing down her cheek,  
 She *kiss'd* the Sacred Word.  
 With lightning flash doth joy inspire  
 Her soul, from anguish fled;  
 Touch'd with the prophet's coal of fire,  
 Her *lips* the Word have read!

A. M. E.

*Wrington, June, 1849.*

## IN ANSWER TO S. L.,

*On receiving a Rose Leaf on which were written the words,*

“I AM THE ROSE OF SHARON.”

'Tis Sharon's Rose whose gentlest balm  
Sustains the drooping soul ;  
Distilling sweet celestial calm  
Where deepest sorrows roll.  
The countless fibres of His heart  
Diverge through endless space ;  
Twining around the gloomiest part  
Of earth's bewild'ring maze.

\* \* \*

Oh ! may thy gentle heart repose  
Upon thy Saviour's breast ;  
Enfolded deep in Sharon's Rose,  
Find there an endless rest !  
There may thy soul expand in love,  
There in His image glow ;  
And in the Paradise above  
Thy joys eternal flow !

A. M. E.

*Athens, March 14th, 1839.*

## A FAREWELL.

*To A. M. E., on going to Argos.*

We part, my Anna, e'en to-morrow,  
And wilt thou often think of me ?  
Oh ! when thy heart is full of sorrow,  
Oh ! then, my love, remember me !



And when thou with another sing'st  
 The songs that I have sung with thee ;  
 And when thou with another walk'st,  
 Oh ! then, my love, remember me !

And when thou'rt in the moonlight roaming,  
 And gazing on the placid sea ;  
 And when on past scenes thou art musing,  
 Oh ! then, my love, remember me !

Oh ! when thy heart is sad and sair,  
 And oceans roll 'twixt me and thee,  
 Then, at the mercy-seat of prayer,  
 Oh ! *there*, my love, remember me !

M. A. L.

*Athens, 1841.*

## TO A. M. E.

*On leaving Athens for England in 1842.\**

My Anna, take this pledge of love,  
 And wear it long for me :  
 And ever may thy passage here  
 Gentle and happy be.

May sparkling health around thee fly,  
 And Love thy path adorn ;  
 Sweet Hope her freshest flow'rets strew  
 O'er each returning morn.

\* With a parting present.

May Peace thy raven tresses twine,  
 And blessings o'er thee shed,  
 And angel-like in mercy stand  
 Beside thy dying bed.

And when to Albion's lovely land  
 Thy homesick footsteps flee,  
 Still wander to a southern strand,  
 And sometimes think of me.

Still let thy thoughts, in lonely hours,  
 O'er oceans wing their flight,  
 And Athens flit across the scene,  
 Bathed in its sunny light.

And when at last thy race is run,  
 And thou hast reached the goal,  
 May angels hover round thy couch,  
 Receive thy parting soul.

M. A. L.

*March 4th, 1842.*

## INSCRIPTION ON A TABLET

*Placed in the Chancel of Wrington Church, by the  
REV. WILLIAM LEEVES.*

IN THIS CHANCEL ARE INTERRED THE MORTAL REMAINS OF

ANNE,

THE AMIABLE AND BELOVED WIFE OF  
THE REV. WM. LEEVES, RECTOR OF THIS PARISH,  
WHO DIED FEBRUARY 14TH, 1826, IN HER 71ST YEAR.

TO RECORD A

LIFE

OF HUMBLE RELIANCE ON A REDEEMER, AND A  
DEATH

OF PATIENT RESIGNATION TO THE WILL OF GOD,  
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY HER GRATEFUL PARTNER  
DURING A COURSE OF FORTY YEARS.

Of such domestic worth, in accents weak  
Though strong th' impression, it were vain to speak :  
This truth all must allow, with one accord,  
A tender, prudent wife is from the Lord.

## INSCRIPTION ON A TABLET

*Formerly in the Chancel, now in the Porch of Wrington  
Church.*

IN MEMORY OF THE

REVEREND WILLIAM LEEVES,

SON OF HENRY LEEVES, ESQ.,

WHO WAS FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS RECTOR OF THIS  
PARISH.

His sincere piety, and the mild and conscientious tenor of his life,  
secured him the respect of his parishioners, and their regret at his loss :  
whilst his surviving family remember him as the good  
Father, Husband, and Master.

Music was his delight, and one of his early compositions  
was the well-known air of "Auld Robin Gray."  
Surrounded by his children, he died in peace and thankfulness, humbly  
confiding in the merits of his Redeemer,  
on the morning of Whit-Sunday, May 25, 1828, in the 80th year of his age.

IN THE SAME VAULT IN THIS CHURCH ARE INTERRED

THE REMAINS OF

ANNE LEEVES, HIS BELOVED WIFE,

DAUGHTER OF SAMUEL WATHEN, M.D.

Ardent in her feelings, benevolent and disinterested, she was the object of  
warm attachment to those around her. Long and severe sufferings  
tried her faith, patience, and resignation, before she was  
called to her rest, on the 14th of February, 1826,  
in the 71st year of her age.



## INSCRIPTION ON A TABLET

*Placed in Moulton Church.*

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. SAMUEL ELSDALE, M.A.,

LATE FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD,

AND MASTER OF THE FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL IN THIS PLACE.

HE DIED 13TH JULY, 1827,

AGED 47 YEARS.

Give alms of thy goods, and  
 Never turn thy face away  
 From any poor man, and  
 Then the face of the Lord  
 Shall never be turned  
 Away from thee.

*Tobit, chap. 8, verse 7.*





*Letter from J. E. WALTERS, ESQ.*

Ewell, Oct. 26th, 1872.

My dear Mrs. Moon,

I have great pleasure in sending you a copy of the lines which your Grandfather composed and read to your Grandmother when on her deathbed.

In his last letter to me, dated from Bath, 2nd of April, 1828, he spoke of himself as follows :

“I am going home to-morrow, certainly better than when I came here, but I hope sufficiently aware that old ruins are only to be cured by dissolution. Happy for us when the materials can be turned to good account.”

This is an interesting little bit, which I thought you would like to have. . . . .

With kind regards to Dr. Moon,

I remain,

Yours truly,

J. E. WALTERS.

## THE TRUE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH,

*By the REV. WILLIAM LEEVES, when his beloved Wife was  
on her deathbed, May, 1826.*

Deceived by fancy's airy breath,  
The false professor fondly errs ;  
Covets a proud, triumphant death,  
And thus Divine rebuke incurs.

No better he, whose wand'ring mind  
A full-assured salvation waits ;  
Or, urged by force, expects to find  
His way to the celestial gates.

Errors like these debase the soul,  
And cheat her into noxious ways ;  
The sweets of humbleness control,  
And wrong, the form of right portrays.

*Our* genuine Christian, on her God  
Most humbly stays with true delight ;  
Through hope, content to kiss the rod,  
And rather trusts to faith than sight.

Does agonizing pain assail,  
And the fell fiend distrust suggest,  
Her actual lot she may bewail,  
But bows to the Divine behest.

Convinced that God 's supremely just,  
With calmness she supports her pain ;  
Trusts, when the frame is turned to dust,  
Her soul shall with her Saviour reign.

No merits of her own she pleads,  
Her expectation 's from above ;  
And, sensible of past misdeeds,  
Relies on *Christ's* redeeming *love*

*Letter received from W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.,  
in acknowledgment of a copy of "A Family Memorial,"  
containing additional information in reference to DR. ELSDALE  
and his Father.*

Little Rockley, Hurstpierpoint,  
July 23, 1872.

My dear Mrs. Moon,

I have been absent from home, or I should have acknowledged, long before this, the very interesting "Family Memorial" which you have kindly sent me. Pray accept my best thanks for it! I am really very much pleased with the volume, which you have put together very charmingly, and in the best taste. The Literary Remains of your Grandfather, the Rev. Wm. Leeves, well deserved to be collected. As the composer of the exquisite music of "Auld Robin Gray," he ought to have a niche in the Temple of Fame; and I think these records will secure one for him. When he was an officer in the Foot Guards, in 1772, before he took Holy Orders, he must have been very handsome; and his portrait, which is admirably photographed, adds to the attraction of the volume.

Naturally, I am very glad to possess a portrait of your father, Dr. Elsdale.

Mr. Robinson Elsdale, your Grandfather, appears to have been a very remarkable man. The volume (in MS.) containing his early adventures, was sent to me for publication by Dr. Elsdale. I lent it to Capt. Marryat, who based upon it his story, entitled "The Privateer's-Man." The early chapters of that Tale, are actually a transcript from your Grandfather's most curious narrative. Again thanking you for the interesting Memorial,

I remain, most sincerely yours,

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.



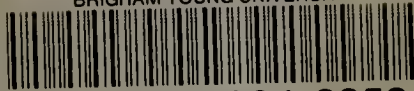
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